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NEWS

No. 214.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

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OPEN COURSE MEETING AT PLUMPTON. MARCH 14th, 15th, and 16th.

A Fast Train (1 and 2 Class) will leave London Bridge, 9.25 a.m., calling at Croydon, Redhill Junction, and Hayward's Heath; returning from Plumpton 5.50 p.m. A Special Train (1, 2, and 3 Class) will leave Brighton 9.55 a.m., calling at Lewes; returning from Plumpton 5.0 p.m. By Order J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending March 16th, 1878.

Monday, 11th. Orchestral Band. Tuesday, 12th. Play, THE HYPOCRITE, at 3. Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. John Wood (by permission of Mr. Neville), Mr. Kington, &c. Orchestral Band. Wednesday, 13th. Orchestral Concert. Thursday, 14th. Play, PAUL PRY, at 3, and Farce, ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Mr. J. L. Toole. Orchestral Band. Friday, 15th. Orchestral Band. Saturday, 16th. Concert, at 3. MONDAY TO FRIDAY, Admission ONE SHILLING DAILY. SATURDAY, HALF-A-CROWN; or by Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

—PRIZE MEDALS will be given for the best PICTURES and DRAWINGS exhibited, 1878. Receiving days, March 4 and 5, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place. The Sales for the past year have amounted to £8753. For conditions apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Crystal Palace.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments. Doors open at 11. Admission One Shilling. 11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplanders, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world), the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News. 3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall. 5.30. Zazel, the marvellous. 8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall. 10.30. Zazel's second performance. Benedetti (the sword-swallower), Vol Becque's Pupils, Ethardo and Papiis, Benizoug Zuog Arabs, Tyrolean Singers, Grant the Ventriloquist, Dusioli's Dogs. Perform afternoon and evening. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day. AFTERNOON THEATRE, ROYAL AQUARIUM.—The Management beg to announce a Series of AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES Every Day, at three o'clock, believing, as they do, they will supply a want felt by many to whom dramatic representations in the afternoon are a convenience. A Series of Standard Plays will be produced, and whilst due care will be given to the mounting, mise-en-scene, and costumes, special attention will be devoted to the cast, and every effort will be made to secure the services of the very best artists. The Management, without further prelude, confidently submit their venture to public support. On MONDAY and during the week, by particular desire THE RIVALS, in which Messrs. W. Farren, H. B. Conway, C. F. Edgar, W. Rignold, J. Fawn; Miss Litton, Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Challis, Miss Miller, etc., will appear. Stalls, 6s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s. (including free admission to the Aquarium); gallery 1s. No fees for booking.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—Miss NEILSON every Evening.—At 7.30 the farce HE LIES LIKE TRUTH. Messrs. Everill, Crouch, D. Fisher, jun., Weathersby. Miss L. Buckstone, and Miss M. Harris. At 8.15, THE HUNCHBACK. Messrs. Howe, C. Harcourt, Everill, H. Kyrie, H. Crouch, D. Fisher, jun., Weathersby, Allbrook, H. Rivers, and H. B. Conway. Miss Neilson and Miss Hodson (specially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office to till 5.

LYCEUM.—LOUIS XI.—MR. HENRY

IRVING, (To-night) SATURDAY, for the first time as LOUIS XI., supported by Messrs. Mead, Tyars, Bentley, Clements, Lyons, Archer, Andrews, &c., and Mr. Fernandez; Miss Virginia Francis and Mrs. Chippendale. New scenery by Hawes Craven. Original music by Robert Stoepel. New dresses and appointments.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

Walter Gooch.—Miss HEATH as Jane Shore.—203rd Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of W. G. Wills's Drama, JANE SHORE, it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer, with the following exceptional cast: Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power, &c. Preceded, at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. Great Snow Scene (winter by night). NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of Ross Niel's Play, ELFINELLA. Free List suspended.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—

ADELPHI THEATRE. Every Evening. For Operas, see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. 311TH NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS. Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis, Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Eastlake, Camille Clermont, M. Davis, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, Every evening, at 8.15 precisely. Comic Opera in Three Acts, Supported by Mesdames Kantine Munroe, Violet Cameron, Beaumont, Messrs. Howson, Shiel Barry, W. J. Hill, &c. Preceded at 7.30 by CRAZED, in which Mr. W. J. Hill will sustain his original character. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Scenery by Julian Hicks. First Morning Performance on SATURDAY, 16th March. Seats should be secured.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE. Every Evening, at 8 punctually, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, Comedy in 3 Acts, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. Characters by Mesdames Ellen Terry, Gaston Murray, Stephens, Aubrey. Messrs. C. Kelly, J. Clarke, A. Bishop, R. Cathcart, Carton, and Hare. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Doors open at 7.30. No Fees for Booking Seats.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Manage-

ment of MISS KATE SANILEY. Every Evening, at 8.15 Offenbach's celebrated Opera Bouffe, LA BELLE HELENE, with new Scenery and Costumes. La Belle Helene (her original character as played by her upwards of 100 nights), Miss Kate Santley, Menelaus, Mr. Lionel Brough, supported by Messrs. W. H. Fisher, F. Mervin, J. E. Beyer, Seymour, Mesdames Topsy Venn (her first appearance at this Theatre), Minnie Marshall, Fusman, Nicholson, &c. Musical Director, Mons. Goossens. Preceded at 7.30 by an original Farce, entitled, CAT AND DOG, Mr. J. E. Beyer, Miss Rose Osman, &c. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open daily from 11 till 5.

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GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management

of Mr. RIGHTON. Mr. TOOLE in Henry J. Byron's New and Original Comic Drama, A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, at 7.45, preceded by, at 7, MY WIFE'S OUT, concluding with ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Morning performance this day at 2. A FOOL AND HIS MONEY. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Every Eve-

ning at 7, OVER THE WAY at 7.30. Messrs. Wigan, Cox, Marius, Graham, Mesdames Ada Swanborough, Venne.—At 9.30, DORA AND DIPLOMACY. Messrs. Marius, Penley, Cox; Mesdames Sanger, Venne, &c. And TWO TO ONE.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1015th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (1015th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestocq, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended.

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Every Evening at 8, with entire new scenery and effects, by Gordon and Harford; principal characters by Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Sam Emery, E. H. Brooke, J. G. Shore, J. G. Taylor, Vollaire, Fenton, &c. Miss Marie Gordon and Miss Minnie Davis.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 7.30, ROMINAGROBIS; at 8, by Mrs. S. Lane. Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Rhyods, Hyde. Mdles. Summers, Rayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupinos. Preceded at 6.45 (Tuesday excepted) by DORA MAYFIELD. Messrs. Reynolds, Newboud, J. B. Howe, Drayton, Reeve, Towers, Wray, Pitt. Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer. Tuesday Evening, Miss Pollie Randall's Benefit.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,

City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest. Every evening at 7, The Adelphi Drama the GREEN BUSHES. Mesdames Verner, Denvil, Victor; Messrs. James, Sennett, Nichols, Lyons, &c.; conclude with Pantomime ROLEY POLEY; Mr. G. Conquest and son. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCES on Monday, March 11th.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Every Evening at 8, Lecocq's celebrated Comique Opera, LA FLEUR DE MADAME ANGOI. Selina Dolaro, A. Newton, A. Veto, and Cornelle d'Anka; Messrs. H. Nordblom, H. Lewens, C. Power, K. Hall, A. Collini, &c. GRAND MILITARY BALLET and SABOT DIVERTISSEMENT. Mdles. Bertoldi, Gillert, M. Josset, and the celebrated Corps de Ballet. Lamplit Gardens and Cascades of Real Water. The Brothers Onofri, the celebrated grotesque dancers. LES QUATRE BOSSUS every evening.—Doors open at 7.20, Opera at 8. Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

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DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.—THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN DAILY, from 10 till 6. Admission, 1s.; catalogue 6d.; pictorial notes, 1s. ROBERT F. McNAIR, Secretary.

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THE CANTERBURY.—Three Minutes' walk across the Westminster Bridge. Eighth Morning Performance on Saturday, March 16th. Doors open at 2; commence at 2.30 o'clock. The Brighton Gazette says: "The Canterbury is doing very good work in the education of a large number of people towards the appreciation of higher performances."

THE CANTERBURY.—PLEVNA. Every Evening. The Licensed Victuallers' Guardian says: "I have seen many such spectacles in my journeyings to and fro on the face of the earth, but never one more worthy of praise than PLEVNA at the Canterbury."

THE CANTERBURY.—BALLET in the HAREM. Re appearance of Mdle. Ada, supported by Mdles. Phyllis, Broughton, and Mdle. Rompto. The Observer says:—"There is a gracefully arranged Turkish Ballet."

THE CANTERBURY.—Variety Entertainment Every Evening.—The Reni Zoug Arabs, Florence Sanger, Benedetti, the Sword Swallower; Arthur Lloyd, The Alexanders, Herr Erikell, in his marvellous magic; Comic Ballet. The Broad Arrow says:—"The Entertainment is varied and excellent, and throughout the audiences are entertained in a manner well qualified to maintain the Canterbury's reputation as one of the most deserving of our places of amusement."—The free list is entirely suspended.

MISS EMILY MOTT is open to ENGAGEMENTS for CONCERTS (Ballad Singing a speciality), and Selections from Oratorios. Lessons given at her new address, 6, Kennington Park Gardens, Royal Road, Kennington Park.

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ORIGINAL PICTURES, DRAWINGS, & SKETCHES,

BY ARTISTS OF THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, Including examples by JOHN STURGESS, F. BARNARD, MATT STRETCH, DOWER WILSON, H. PETHERICK, H. FURNESS, and Others.

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This fine picture, from which was reproduced the Coloured Presentation Plate with the last Christmas Number of this Journal, IS FOR SALE, and is on view at the Studio of the Artist, Mr. J. T. LUCAS, 22, St. John's Wood-road, N.W. Admission by presenting Address Card.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE Coming-of-Age Banquet of the Savage Club, celebrated at the Grosvenor Gallery on Ash Wednesday, was one of the most brilliant social gatherings ever held. Mr. George Augustus Sala, who has no equal as an after-dinner speaker, was in the chair—and in his very best form. Amongst the distinguished guests of the club were Sir Garnet Wolseley, Captain Fred. Burnaby, Lieut.-General Valentine Baker, Lord Mark Kerr, Alderman Cotton, M.P.; Mr. Waddy, M.P.; and Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The proceedings were of the most interesting character. We promise ourselves the pleasure of giving a full (and illustrated) report of this interesting event in next week's number.

IN the first number of a publication called *Social Notes*, edited by Samuel Carter Hall, Esq., F.S.A., we are informed that "the Prince of Wales is treading closely in the steps of the Good Prince his father." From such prigs as the writer of that greasy phrase may our manly, popular Prince be right speedily delivered!

"THE serio-comic drama of *Milky White* formed the second portion of the programme, in which Mr. A. Webbs took the part of Milky White, acting in such a masterly manner as to almost doubt his being an amateur." Mr. Webbs of the Shaftesbury Cricket Club is not the only aspiring Thespian who acts "in such a masterly manner as to almost doubt his being an amateur." We have known amateurs who doubted it altogether. We are indebted to the *Islington Gazette* for the above naïve admission.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A gentlemanly semi-detached VILLA, most tastefully decorated in the style of the day, and well fitted up throughout. Four good bed-rooms and three sitting-rooms. Gas to every room. Rent £50. The really excellent furniture may be had.—Apply to —, Agent, Anerley.

Arthur suggests that "a gentlemanly villa" may mean "a villa" with a good address.

MR. A. MACDONALD, M.P., and Mrs. Besant have been discussing the production-of-coal question, and, in relation thereto, strikes. Premising that the lady has had decidedly the best of the argument, let us quote two passages from the published letters as a sample of the method of fence:—

MR. MACDONALD: Mrs. Besant complains that I have not been courteous in my last. I fail to see this. If it should appear to her so, I have only to express my regret. Though two blacks do not make a white, was it Mrs. Besant that wrote about a second Daniel come to judgment, and other rot of that description?

MRS. BESANT: The last paragraph in Mr. Macdonald's letter I am content to leave to the judgment of our readers, only remarking that Shakespeare is responsible for my poor Daniel, and that I won't quote him any more if Mr. Macdonald objects to him.

GEORGE DURANT, JUNR., of Boston, in Lincolnshire, was charged by Henry Farrow, newspaper editor of the *Lincolnshire Herald*, with an assault. Provoked by certain remarks in prosecutor's paper, George Durant, junior, had applied a cane to the back of the said prosecutor. "Hence these tears." If it had not been for a circumstance which came out in the speech made by the solicitor for the defence there would have been nothing about the affair to lift it above the range of common-place. Harken, however, to Mr. Dyer: "In fact, in chastising Mr. Farrow for his insults to his father, he has only followed out a course of action which he recommended in his own paper. Listen to what he said only last October:—'There seems only one way of stopping the indignant cowards—that of taking the law into your own hands and publicly castigating the malignants.' This is exactly what my client has done in the Market-place, and yet see what a different view Mr. Farrow has of it now. He goes on to say—'This method of meeting the case has been attended with excellent results in America, is becoming more fashionable in England, and might be beneficial in Boston. But every person slandered has not the courage or physical power to resent the insult. Still, as the law stands, little else can be done with the libeller. To sue is costly; to reply might lead to interminable controversy, which gives the untruthful scribbler an opportunity of further bespattering you with filth.'" Students of the bard, who abide at Boston, in Lincolnshire, avow that the engineer has been hoist with his own petard.

IN quoting from the *Pall Mall Gazette* a paragraph which described the miraculous return to life of a Miss Amelia Greth, of Maunch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, one remarkable collateral feature of the case appears to have escaped notice. One accepts without question the statement that the young lady was raised from the dead by Father Heinau, a German Catholic priest, but in what miraculous fashion did 7,000 persons pass through the room in which the corpse was lying in the course of an hour?

MARRY come up, Dr. Parker, of the City Temple! This is not the nicest possible way to speak of your fellow-worker in the vineyard:—"Mr. Spurgeon has written another of his truly amusing letters to his congregation. The calm manner in which that man ignores the orthodoxy of other churches than his own is deeply pathetic. In his last letter he says that at one time he feared that his mind was going; under these circumstances, of course, no man is to be judged harshly." The "deliverance" appears in a recent number of the *Fountain*.

ALTHOUGH we are not prepared to go the length of our contemporary, the *Court Journal*, in its opinion of Gerald Massey's poem, "Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight"—we do not think it the very best poem he ever wrote—we venture to declare that it loses nothing whatever by comparison with the Laureate's ballad on the same theme. The poem which, less the first and minus the last two stanzas, we, in view of the interest which at present attaches thereto, beg leave to quote, is one of a series of Sea-King ballads that were written for *All the Year Round* during the late Mr. Dickens's editorship of that serial. It was afterwards republished in a volume, entitled "Have-lock's March, and other Poems," by Trübner and Co.:—

Signalled the English Admiral,
"Weigh or cut Anchors." For
A Spanish Fleet bore down in all
The majesty of war,
Athwart our tack for many a mile;
As there we lay off Florez Isle;
Our crews half sick; all tired of toil.
Eleven of our twelve ships escaped,—
Sir Richard stood alone!
Though they were three-and-fifty sail—
A hundred men to one,
The old Sea-Kover would not run,
So long as he had man or gun;
But he could die when all was done.
"The Devil has broken loose, my lads,
"In shape of Popish Spain;
"And we must sink him in the sea,
"Or hound him home again;
"Now you old Sea-dogs, show your paws!
"Have at them tooth, and nail, and claws."
And then his long, bright blade he draws.

The deck was cleared, the Boatswain blew;
The grim sea-lions stand,
The death-fires lit in every eye;
The burning match in hand:
With mail of glorious intent
All hearts were clad; and in they went,
A force that cut through where 'twas sent.

"Push home, my hardy Pikemen;
For we play a desperate part;
To-day, my Gunners, let them feel
The pulse of England's heart!
They shall remember long that we
Once lived; and think how shamefully
We shook them! one to fifty-three."

With face of one who cheerily goes
To meet his doom that day,
Sir Richard sprang upon his foes;
The foremost gave him way;
His round shot smashes them thro' and thro';
The great white splinters fiercely flew;
And madder grew his fighting few.

They clasp the little 'hip Revenge,
As in the arms of fire;
They run aboard her, six at once;
Hearts beat and guns leap higher:
Through bloody gaps the Boarders swarm;
But still our English stay the storm;
The bulwark in their breast is firm.

Ship after Ship, like broken waves
That wash up on a rock,
Those mighty galleons fall back foiled,
And shattered from the shock.
With fire she answers all their blows;
Again, again in pieces strows
The burning girdle of her foes.

Through all the night the great white storm
Of worlds in silence rolled;
Sirius with his sapphire sparkle;
Mars in ruddy gold:
Heaven lookt, with stillness terrible,
Down on a fight most fierce and fell;
A Sea transfigured into hell.

Some know not they are wounded
Till 'tis slippery where they stand;
Some with their own good blood make fast
The pike staff to their hand:
Wild faces glow through lurid night,
With sweat of spirit shining bright:
Only the dead on deck turn white.

At daybreak the flame-picture fades,
In blackness and in blood;
There! after fifteen hours of fight,
The unconquered Sea-King stood,
Defying all the power of Spain:
Fifteen Armadas hurled in vain;
And fifteen hundred foemen slain.

Around that little Bark Revenge,
The baffled Spaniards ride
At distance. Two of their good Ships
Were sunken at her side;
The rest lie round her in a ring,
As round the dying lion-king,
The Dogs, afraid of his death-spring.

Our pikes all broken; powder spent;
Sails, masts to shreds were blown;
And with her dead and wounded crew
The ship was going down!
Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep;
Then cried he, with a proud, pale lip,
"Ho Gunner, split and sink the ship!"

Make ready, now my Mariners,
To go aloft with me;
That nothing to the Spaniard
May remain of victory.
They cannot take us, nor we yield;
So let us leave our battle field,
Under the shelter of God's shield."

They had not heart to dare fulfil
The stern commander's word:
With bloody hands, and weeping eyes,
They carried him aboard
The Spaniard's Ship; and round him stand
The warriors of his wasted band.
Then said he, feeling death at hand,

"Here die I, Richard Grenville,
With a joyful and quiet mind;
I reach a Soldier's end; I leave
A Soldier's fame behind;
Who for his Queen and Country fought,
For Honour and Religion wrought,
And died as a true Soldier ought."

THE TENNYSON WEDDING.

WHY should it be known by any other name? Distinguished as is the father of the bride, the fame of the bridegroom's sire overshadows his. We cannot give much heed to Frederick Locker's most charming lyrics in the presence of Alfred Tennyson's grander strains. The daughter of the author of "London Lyrics" has married a son of the author of "Idylls of the King" *Argal*—a Tennyson wedding. We, last week, gave a brief description of the august ceremony, together with a necessarily imperfect list of the company present; we might, this week, almost content ourselves with merely calling attention to the sketch of the interesting affair which is given on another page of this number. Society—literary, artistic, scientific, and lofty—was present in crowds. The choir was full of privileged spectators, and Jerusalem Chamber crowded with more privileged guests.

"It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West-End people came
To the rite of Christianity;
The lofty lord and the titled dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity."

The half-hour, more or less, which preceded the solemnisation of the rite was not unpleasantly occupied in scanning the visitors as they entered the choir. A murmur was heard as Mr. Irving stalked along to his allotted place, and something very like a titter when Mr. Millais stooped and startled the obsequious verger with a stentorian "Eh?" Mr. Theodore Martin's advent was unproductive of any effect whatever. Except by very few of the curious, the apostle of sweetness and light was unobserved. As one after another of the luminaries of the scientific world sought their respective places it was plain that weddings of any kind were not in their way. For the moment, the person who examined the tickets was supremely master of the situation. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll produced nothing like the effect made by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone (the latter looking worn and ill), and certain other personages, notably several peers and peeresses, passed along absolutely unnoticed. Indeed, in point of the effect produced on the eager spectators, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Hare, and certainly Mr. G. A. Sala, rose superior to all the members of both the Upper and Lower House who assisted at the ceremony. The wedding was nearly half over, when Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, thickly veiled, and supported by one of her sons, appeared in the Choir. She was accompanied by the Laureate, whose grand face wore a curiously dazed appearance. Thanks to careful and incessant guidance of a manual nature, on the part of another son, he safely reaches the haven of rest, and the ceremony proceeds. It was, we learn from a trustworthy feminine source, "a beautiful wedding." We have no doubt of it. Interesting it was in the highest degree. The scene, in all its phases, was one to be remembered.

MR. G. W. MOORE'S BENEFIT.

The genial and popular co-proprietor of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels took his annual benefit at the Great St. James's Hall, on Thursday, performances having been given both in the afternoon and evening. The first part of the afternoon programme comprised, besides some favourite musical pieces from the repertoire of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, several new ballads and comic songs rendered by the leading vocalists of the troupe—Mr. Moore himself being in great force, and giving with humorous effect the comic song of "Old Aunt Sally," and another entirely new comic ditty, "The Cattle Show." The Vokes family appeared in *The Belles of the Kitchen*, and the Girards gave their marvellous performance. Several actors and actresses, including Messrs. Terry, Marius, H. Cox, Fernandez, Howson, and Stoyale, and Misses Nelly Moon, De Grey, Topsy Venne, and Nellie Vane lent their services, and the whole performance went off most satisfactorily, and afforded great enjoyment to the crowded large hall. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her three children, and attended by her sister, honoured the performance by her presence, stayed almost to the end, and both Her Royal Highness and her children seemed to greatly enjoy the entertainment. Lord Dudley was also present.

CRYSTAL PALACE BIRD SHOW, 1878.

THE numbers of entries this year were, as we have already pointed out, considerably less than those of last year, but the classes were filled with excellent specimens. Mr. Wilsher had some fine specimens in the British bird class, and Messrs. Mackley Brothers' evenly-marked Yorkshire and Norwich canaries were said to be first class. Our artist's sketches were made from the following birds:—No. 1, Mackley Brothers' buff evenly-marked Norwich canary, first prize; No. 2, Mr. Moses Holroyd's evenly-marked yellow Yorkshire, first prize; No. 3, Mr. J. A. Barr's King parrot, winner of twelve prizes first class, first prize; No. 4, Mr. J. A. Sleep's blackbird, first prize; No. 5, Mr. F. Willsher's bullfinch, first prize; No. 9, Mr. F. Willsher's Robin Redbreast, first prize; No. 7, Dr. T. W. Greener's first prize for cage of small finches.

THE UPPER VESTIBULE OF THE NEW DRESDEN COURT THEATRE.

WE give in our present number a full-page illustration of one of the vestibules to the new Dresden Theatre. The old Dresden Theatre was burnt down in 1869, and the present building commenced in 1871, and opened to the public on the 2nd of February last. Built to hold 2000 persons, it yet covers a much larger space of ground than is usual with theatres, giving spacious accommodation in every part. On entering at the chief entrance the visitor finds himself in the extensive lower foyer, whence steps on the right and left lead to the various galleries. The foyer connects the two wings, in which are placed the passages, vestibules, and staircases for the boxes and dress circle. These broad and stately staircases lead from each side of the pit vestibules to the upper vestibules, on a level with the first tier of boxes. The staircases are of polished granite, and are of a very cool appearance, but with each step the colours become warmer and deeper. Coloured marble predominates in the upper vestibules, whilst light green pillars on dark bases, and with ionic capitals in white and gold, support the richly decorated ceilings. The interior of the theatre itself is richly decorated, and has been constructed on the best principles as to acoustical properties, light, ventilation, and means of exit in case of fire. Of the drop scene, by Keller, we have already given an illustration in the number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS for January 26, 1878. The architects were Dr. Semper and his son, Manfred Semper; the latter was decorated by the King of Saxony on the opening night with the Albert Order, the father being unable to make the journey from Venice to Dresden, on account of his bad health. D. T. N.

The next issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a Portrait of Miss Nellie Farren.—Westgate-on-Sea, two pages of engravings.—Scene from *The Spectre Knight*, at the Opera Comique.—Portrait of Mr. J. L. Molloy.—The Glasgow Stallion Show.—Scene from *The Golden Cross*, at the Adelphi Theatre.—Greyhound and Pups.—"Coming of Age of the Savage Club."—"Faust and Wagner at the City Gate."—Our Captious Critic.—Cambridge University Athletic Sports.—The "Grand Military" at Sandown, etc.



PRIZE WINNERS AT THE MARGATE DOG, CAT, AND RABBIT SHOW.

THE FIRST LONDON THEATRES.

JAMES BURBAGE and his companions were driven to look for a place outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction where they might still be within reach of the considerable audiences drawn from London. Such a place they found among the houses built upon the ground that had once belonged to the great monastery of the Dominicans or Black Friars. The monastery had been built in the time of Edward I., and had a handsome church with privileges, including right of sanctuary. Its large precinct included many shops, and had been entered by four gates. Its inhabitants, exempt from City law, were subject only to the King, to the superior of the monastery, and to their own justices. Several Parliaments had been held in the great church of the Black Friars, and there in 1529 Wolsey and Campeggio had heard the question of divorce between Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Black Friars was surrendered to the King in 1538. In 1547, the Prior's lodgings and the Hall were sold to Sir Francis Bryan, and afterwards Edward VI. granted the rest to Sir Thomas Cawarden. The site of the monastery and its precincts—not included within liberties of the City till the reign of James I.—became, in Elizabeth's day, a fashionable quarter; and when James Burbage and his fellow players, to escape control of the Corporation, took a house in Black Friars, and converted it into a theatre of their own, they could not do so without combating much opposition from the polite neighbours, who were averse to noise and crowd. But they achieved their object, and opened, in 1576, the Black Friars Theatre, the first place set apart in England for performances of plays. About the same time, two other buildings were erected for the distinct purpose of presenting plays in them. These were outside the city bounds, in the pleasant fields at Shoreditch, a quarter then preferred for the houses and gardens of rich foreign merchants trading in London. These houses were called "The Theatre"

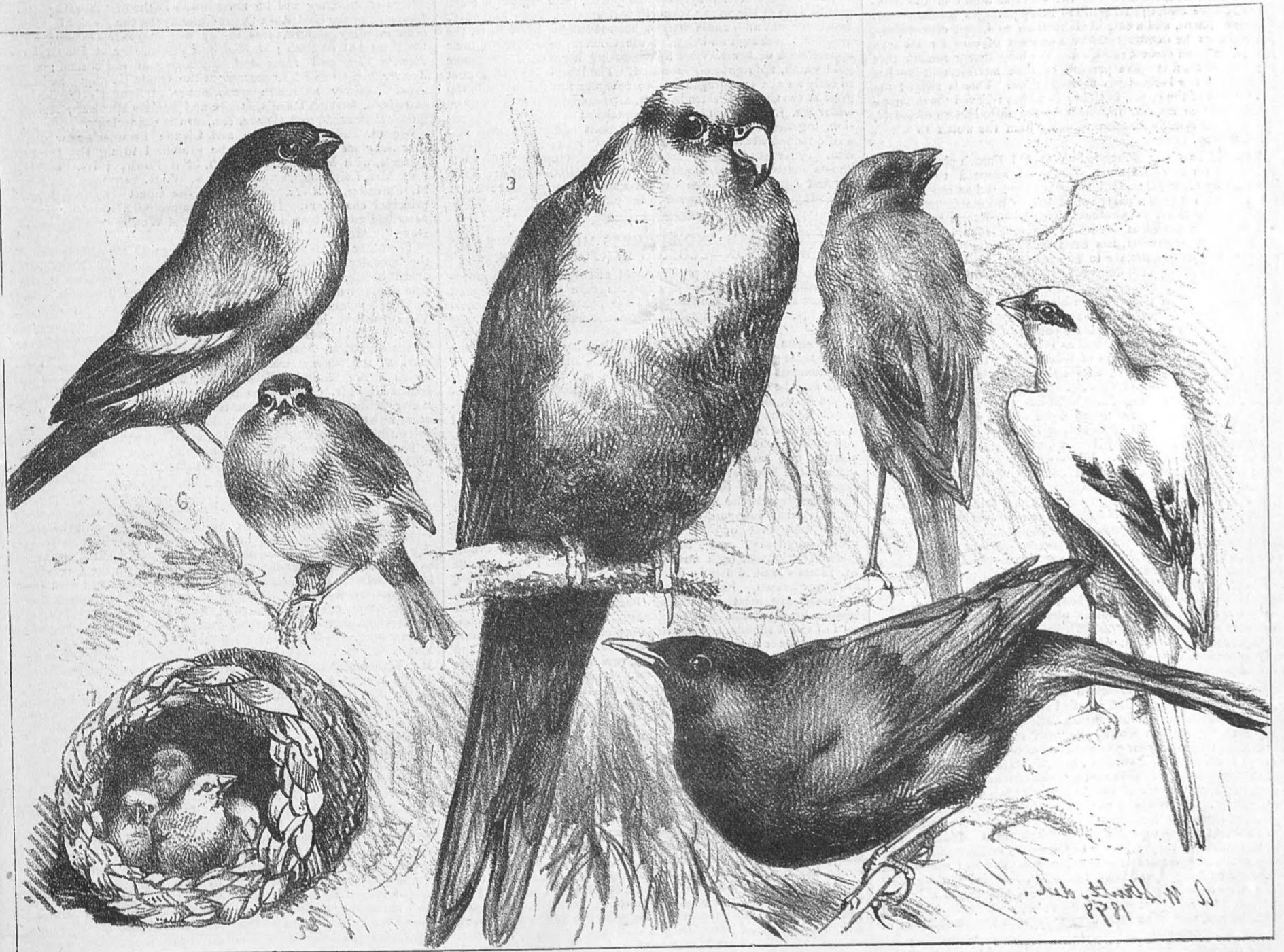


THE LATE "MR. ST. JAMES."

and "The Curtain," built on the south-western side of the site of the suppressed Priory of St. John the Baptist, called Holywell. One recommendation of the place chosen for them was that outside Bishopsgate a well-kept street (now Bishopsgate-street Without) extended for some way into the open country, and thus gave easy and safe way of approach to the playgoers.—From "Cassell's Library of English Literature," edited by Professor Henry Morley, for February.

IN London, when a "professional" goes aground, a very common way to help him out of his difficulties is to organise a benefit for him at some one of the minor music halls, and a prominent feature of the entertainment is the organisation of what is styled "a parlour." This consists of an assemblage of all the celebrities connected with pedestrianism, aquatics, &c., and each of these are in turn introduced to the audience. Some great fun is occasionally derived from this species of "hero worship." At a recent "parlour" in the metropolis Peter Crossland was shown up to the audience with his trainer, who had to make a speech, the following of which is a verbatim report:—"Peter Crossland's greatest walker in the world. Arn't you, Peter? We thought of going in for Sir John Astley's prize, but don't think it good enough; do you, Peter? We may go to America and walk O'Leary, shan't we, Peter?" The effect upon the audience was almost indescribable, the Londoners positively roaring as each several question was put to the Sheffielder.—*Athletic News*.

A CONTEMPORARY recently sent down a hunting correspondent to the Shires. This worthy's first article contained several personal sketches; the subjects were supremely disgusted. Especially one hard-riding lady, who fumed and would not be comforted. "My dear, I don't mind what he says about my figure," cried the Amazon, with tears in her eyes; "but how dare the wretch say I 'can go well in the wake of a good pilot!' I'd ride over any man who was fool enough to offer me a lead!"—*The World*.



PRIZE WINNERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE BIRD SHOW.

MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

HERR IGNAZ BRÜLL is for the present the most popular opera writer in Germany, although his actual achievements do not amount to more than the composition and production of two operas, *Das Goldene Kreuz* and *Der Landfriede*. The reason of his popularity is not far to seek. He affords a rallying point for those lovers of music who had long chafed impatiently under the yoke of the noisy band of pretenders who have arrogated to themselves the mission of proclaiming and exemplifying the "Music of the Future." Of Richard Wagner himself, despite his eccentricities, it is impossible to speak without bearing in mind the high quality of his genius and the essential truths which are embedded in many of his theories. It is when his theories are espoused and his example as a composer is followed by people of no genius but of loud pretentiousness, that mankind feel disposed to rebel against a dictation which becomes unbearable and absurd. For some years past, the large majority of German musicians and amateurs have smarted under the arrogant pretensions of the Wagnerite school, and have been ready to welcome with exuberant warmth the advent of any composer who could exemplify in his works the melodious and classical forms of music which Richard Wagner and his followers affect to despise. Herr Brüll arrived at a lucky moment for himself. His opera, *The Golden Cross* (to call it by its English name), is not a work of the highest class, and the comparisons between him and Auber which have been made by some of his German eulogists are not fully warranted; but in this first essay of his powers he has shown remarkable gifts of invention and melody, combined with considerable technical knowledge, and has produced a comic opera which will afford much gratification to professional musicians as well as to amateurs. Melody is the chief recommendation of Herr Brüll's music. He is always tuneful, and from the beginning to the end of *The Golden Cross* there is not a dull or uninteresting passage. It must be confessed that this result has not been wholly due to Herr Brüll. He has made free use of existing materials to be found in the writings of earlier composers; and while listening to his opera one is often reminded of passages which have been pleasantly associated in the memory with the names of popular composers who rank among the classics of operatic history. After all, this is not a serious offence. Greater writers than Herr Brüll—Beethoven, for instance—have shown in their early works the influence of the models whom they have sought to emulate; and it is but natural that a writer of comic opera, who has familiarised himself with the best works in that department of music, should almost unconsciously borrow some of the phrases which linger in his memory. The time will probably come when Herr Brüll will have a style of his own. At present he reflects the styles of others, but he has written many charming and original passages in his first opera, and although he may have borrowed from richer folks he has made good use of what he has acquired. In short, if tried before any reasonable jury on the charge of plagiarism, the verdict on him would probably be "Not guilty!"—And we hope that he will never do so any more! It must be remarked that *The Golden Cross* is not merely an attractive collection of melodies, but also presents some admirably written concerted music, and orchestration of remarkable excellence. The finale to the first act is a work which encourages the warmest hopes of the composer's future career; and while in many passages he shows dramatic sentiment, and a careful elaboration of happy conceptions, in none does he exhibit feebleness or want of care for his own reputation as an earnest musician. We may further remark that the story of his first opera presents so little interest that he has found in it few incitements to inspiration. This is indeed the chief defect of the opera, but Herr Brüll has relieved the dramatic dullness of the familiar incidents by the introduction of music, which is intrinsically far more valuable than the words to which it is attached.

The Golden Cross is founded on an old French play, entitled *Cathariné un la Croix d'or*. This was adapted to operatic purposes by Herr Mosenthal, who, perhaps, did as much as was possible with the materials submitted to his manipulation, but who certainly failed to produce a powerfully interesting drama. The story commences at Melun in the year 1812. Colas (Mr. Snazelle), a young miller, has been drawn for the conscription on the morning of his marriage to Theresa (Miss Yorl e). His sister Christina (Miss Gaylord) offers the golden cross from her necklace to him who will become substitute for her brother, and vows to marry the holder of the cross on his return from the wars. Her spirited offer is not accepted by any of her rustic lovers, but Gontran de l'Ancre (Mr. Maas), a blase young nobleman, who, unobserved by Christina, has watched and admired her sisterly devotion, secretly accepts the post of substitute for Colas, and departs with the detachment of grenadiers, commanded by Sergeant Bombardon (Mr. Aynsley Cook). The wedding festivities are resumed, and in the finale Herr Brüll has made happy use of the contrasts suggested by the merry waltz of the village dancers—the military strains of the departing soldiers—and the pathetic "Farewell to home," sung by Gontran, who intends to seek death at the hands of the Russians. The second act takes place in the same scene as the first, but three years later. Colas, who has a second time drawn an "unlucky" number, and been forced to join the army of Napoleon, returns to his mill and Theresa, bringing with him his invalid captain, who proves to be Gontran. The latter is so carefully nursed by Christina that he gains health, but loses his heart. Christina reciprocates his love with the fervency and speed observable among soprano heroines, but declines his hand. She will be true to her oath, and will marry the brave unknown who had taken her brother's place. Gontran declares himself to be the substitute to whom she sent the golden cross by the hands of Bombardon; but he pleads in vain, since he cannot produce the golden cross. Bombardon, who had been entrusted by Gontran with the cross, when the latter believed himself mortally wounded, arrives in time to explain everything, and the opera ends, like most comic operas, in a marriage.

As the music will be criticised in another column, it will be needless in this place to add detailed analyses to the general remarks already made on the characteristics of Herr Brüll's work. The performance was worthy the high reputation of the Carl Rosa Opera Company for completeness of ensemble. The artists above named were fully efficient, and Mr. Maas made a very successful reappearance as Gontran, after an absence of three or four years, as principal tenor of the Kellogg English Opera Company, in America. He has a tenor voice of silvery quality, declaims well, and sings in a finished style which many of his colleagues should seek to emulate. The choral singing was admirable, and the fine band did ample justice to the varied orchestration. The large audience bestowed numerous encores, calls, and recalls, and at the close of the opera Herr Brüll, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Carl Rosa were called for. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted as ably and zealously as if the opera were his own composition, and the good effects of sufficient rehearsals were evident in the smoothness of the entire performance.

The Bohemian Girl is announced for to-night, and on Tuesday next Mlle. Fechter will make her first appearance in England as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*.

The "London Vocal Concerts," under the direction of Mr. J. F. Barnett, were commenced on Tuesday last at St. James's Hall. The choir, consisting of about 100 voices, sang three part-songs in good style, and the remainder of the programme was executed by Mdlles. Anna Williams and d'Alton, MM. Shakspeare, Coates, Baxter, Bernard Lane, Horscroft, Hilton, and Winn, with Miss Agnes Zimmermann as pianist. The programme contained many well-chosen selections, and Mr. Barnett conducted his choir with carefulness and ability. The attendance was not so large as might have been expected.

Madame Viard-Louis's second orchestral concert was given at St. James's Hall last Tuesday afternoon, when, in addition to pianoforte works played by Madame Viard-Louis, a number of classical and interesting modern orchestral pieces were played by the splendid band of 90 performers—certainly the finest body of instrumentalists heard in London for many years. Mr. Lloyd was the vocalist, and Mr. Weist Hill was an able conductor.

The Sacred Harmonic Society last week gave a fine performance of Dr. Crotch's best oratorio, *Palentine*, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. The choral singing was excellent, and Mr. Santley specially distinguished himself by his fine execution of the recitative and air, "Ah, faithful now no more!" which obtained the only encore of the evening.

M. Lecocq's latest opera, *Le Petit Duc*, has been a great pecuniary success, and has beaten every other comic opera in respect of the enormous receipts. For the thirty first representations in Paris of the *Grand Duchess*, the gross receipts amounted to 132,604f.; the first thirty of the *Fille de Madame Angot* reached 149,456f.; and for the *Petit Duc* they are 162,192f. This gives an average of 5,406f. 40c. per night. But the house when full, supposing every night filled, holds only 5,325f., the balance being made up by "standing room." At the thirty-first performance the return was 5,672f.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's new oratorio, *The Deluge*, was brilliantly successful at the recent Brighton Festival, and the best qualified judges concur in pronouncing it to be not only the best effort of this gifted and rising young composer, but a work which on its own intrinsic merits deserves to take high rank among modern orchestral compositions. The unaccompanied trio, "God is a stronghold in the day of trouble," the chorus, "Behold the day!" the contralto air with chorus, "What is man?" and the soprano air, "The rain is over," were specially applauded, and the orchestration throughout the work elicited the admiration of musicians. The artists were called back to the platform, and a special call was made for Mr. Cowen, who was enthusiastically greeted.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS, whose portrait we publish this week, is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Williams, a gentleman well known to the literary world, and for many years literary adviser to the eminent publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. His discernment and penetration first recognised and disclosed to the public the genius of Charlotte Brontë, whose letters (given in her "Life" by Mrs. Gaskell) testify to her sense of his amiable qualities and sound judgment. Miss Williams is indebted for the early training and cultivation of her voice to Mr. Henry Deacon. Prior to the completion of the Albert Hall she sang frequently in the building in order to test its acoustic properties; and on one of these occasions in the presence of her Majesty the Queen, who expressed much gratification at the young vocalist's performance. Miss Williams's assistance was afterwards warmly acknowledged by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on behalf of the Council, who marked their appreciation of her services by presenting her with a handsome gold watch, appropriately inscribed. The laurels she had won at so early an age encouraged her to compete for the first soprano prize at the Crystal Palace in 1872, after studying for the purpose under Mr. J. B. Welch, and her unqualified success on this occasion, together with the urgent persuasions of many critical and well qualified advisers, induced her to enter the musical profession. After studying 15 months in Naples under the well-known master Signor Domenico Scafati, Miss Williams made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace in 1874, since which time she has steadily advanced in the public favour.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS IN BRIGHTON—CLOSING PERFORMANCES.

THE Ash Wednesday performances at Brighton of this unapproachably clever company of minstrels were successful beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the promoters of the entertainments. We quote the following notice from the *Sussex Daily Post* :—

The scene within the Dome on Wednesday morning was one of the most gladdening ever remembered in Brighton. Within a few moments after the opening of the doors the monster outer circle may be said to have been packed with people; and area, reserved seats, and stalls presented an equally gratifying attendance. For the concert of the night preceding Messrs. Lyon and Hall disposed of 600 shilling tickets before noon of the same day, and nearly as many such tickets were sold at the doors. The seating, too, has been astonishing. At the morning concert, extra of the large assemblage of fashion, there were numerous ladies' schools, and the interior resembled in gaiety of appearance the great Kuhe Festival nights. Moore and Burgess have by this visit inaugurated another Festival—in happiest harmony with that of the past fortnight—another phase of vocal excellency, and both the greatest musical events given in Brighton, both unsurpassed in England; in truth, the St. James's Hall Minstrels distance every entertainment of their kind ever known. Each artist is a star, ballad succeeds ballad, all possessing most bewitching beauties, and the voices are wealthy in expression and sympathy. The band, too, is a concord of sweet sounds, and marries the melodies with such masterly ease and power that it is honours divided. The fun is fresh and green, and it is told in such merry vein that the audiences are moved to an enthusiasm of laughter. There is a great educating and edifying power in this entertainment—it is medicine to overworked nature; and the eloquence of the poetry sung, combined with the beautiful melodies, fascinate admiration to an extent that cannot be expressed. Messrs. Lyon and Hall seated to perfection.

On Wednesday evening (the close of the company's appearance in the Dome) was the sensation night of the series. Without the Church-street entrance a mob began to gather an hour before admission, and as soon as the doors were open the rush was without precedent. Mr. Burgess, aided by Willing's Kelly and a staff of assistants, were almost overpowered. With great difficulty Mr. Burgess kept the barriers; however, the throng was passed in with the greatest good humour, and the outer circle, balcony, and area on one side, stalls and reserved seats on the other, were so admirably seated by Messrs. Lyon and Hall that there was not the least semblance of confusion. The programme was full of specialties, the audience full of enjoyment, and laughter burst forth in gusts at the dialogues. Messrs. Moore and Howard are immensely funny, and "the hits" in their wit in all instances won heartiest applause and laughter. The concert was perfection—the after-dish of merriment so spicy that not twenty persons left until the close, and we believe there were

between four and five thousand present. Mr. Moore, in the interval, announced to the audience that it was their last appearance in the Dome, but that the company would appear on the following day, both morning and evening, in the Brighton Aquarium.

THE DRAMA.

BESIDES the more important events of the week—which include the first appearance in England of the Hungarian tragedian, Herr Neville Moritz, who made his debut as Othello at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday afternoon; the production by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Adelphi on Saturday evening, for the first time in this country, of an English version of Herr Brüll's opera, *The Golden Cross*; and a new musical sketch, entitled *In a Country House*, given by Mr. Corney Grain at the German Reeds' entertainment on Monday night—several changes at other theatres have to be recorded as having taken place since our last.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Henry Irving appeared in *The Bells* on Monday evening, and in *The Lyons Mail* on Tuesday, when the theatre closed to re-open to-night, when Mr. Irving will appear for the first time as Louis XI. in Boucicault's version of Cassemer Delavigne's celebrated play.

Mrs. Rousby commenced an engagement on Monday at the Standard, where she has appeared during the week as the Princess Elizabeth in *Twixt Axe and Crown*, supported by Miss Dolores Drummond as Queen Mary and Mr. W. Redmond as Courtney.

At the Aquarium Theatre on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Swinburne, at a short notice, appeared as Richelieu, in consequence of Mr. Phelps's indisposition. *The School for Scandal* has been represented here during the week, supported by Mr. William Farren and Miss Litton as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle; Messrs. Conway and Edgar as Charles and Joseph Surface; Mr. Kemble as Sir Oliver; and Mr. W. Rignold as Sir Benjamin. On Monday and during next week, *The Rivals* will be represented with a strong cast, including Messrs. William Farren and Conway as Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute; and Messrs. Edgar, W. Rignold, and Fawn; and Miss Litton (Lydia), Mrs. Chippendale (Mrs. Malaprop), and Miss Challis.

The new series of dramatic representations under the direction of Mr. E. Righton, at the Crystal Palace, commenced on Tuesday with Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, with Mr. Righton as Tony Lumpkin, and Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Hardcastle. *Dearest than Life*, with Messrs. Toole and Brough in their original characters; and Mr. Toole's sketch, *Trying a Magistrate*, were announced for Thursday. *The Hypocrite* will be represented for the first time at the Palace on Tuesday next, with Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Righton, Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. Stirling as the principal characters.

The twenty-second Anniversary Festival in aid of the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund took place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday evening, Mr. Arthur Swanborough occupying the chair. About 300 ladies and gentlemen were present. Mrs. Stirling, as usual, made an eloquent and witty appeal on behalf of this meritorious institution, and subscriptions to the amount of £270 were announced.

To-day the first morning performance of *The Grasshopper* will take place at the Gaiety matinee. Herr Neville Moritz will appear for the second time as Othello at the Queen's, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be represented at the first morning performance of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Adelphi. The other morning performances to-day will comprise *Diplomacy* at the Prince of Wales's; *A Fool and His Money* at the Globe; *Family Ties*, and *Dora and Diplomacy* at the Strand; *The Spectre Knight* and *The Sorcerer* at the Opera Comique, and the usual Saturday afternoon performance at Sanger's (Astley's), Hengler's, German Reed's, Moore and Burgess Minstrels, Maske-lyne and Cooke's, and *Plevna*, &c., at the Canterbury.

Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Claude Templar's new play, *The Scar on the Wrist*, will be produced to-night at the St. James's, with Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Fowler (Mrs. Pemberton), Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Messrs. W. H. Stephens, Leathes, H. Forrester, and Titherage (from the Court Theatre) in the principal characters. The play is in a prologue and three acts, described respectively as "Far from the World," "After many Days," "Memories," and "At Last."

The other events announced for this evening are the revival at the Royalty of Mr. Burnand's English version of Offenbach's opera bouffe, *La Belle Hélène*, with Miss Kate Santley in the title rôle, her original character, supported by Mr. Lionel Brough as Menelaus, and Messrs. Walter Fisher, Mervyn, and Miss Topsy Venn (her first appearance at this theatre) in other leading characters; the first representation this season of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at the Adelphi; and the revival at the Surrey (where the pantomime was withdrawn last night) of the Sadler's Wells drama, *The Golden Dustman*, as adapted by Mr. Farnie from the late Charles Dickens's novel, "Our Mutual Friend," supported by old Surrey favourites and other artists specially engaged, including Mr. McIntyre, who will sustain his original character of Rogue Riderhood.

There will be a morning performance of *Les Cloches de Corneville* at the Folly next Saturday, the 16th inst.

DRURY LANE.

THE season terminated here on Saturday night with the last representation of the pantomime, *The White Cat*; and on Monday a morning performance, promoted by an influential committee as a complimentary benefit to Mr. Chatterton, on the approaching termination of his lease of the theatre, was attended with the most satisfactory results. The house was well filled, and most of the leading actors and actresses from the principal West-end theatres lent their aid in carrying out the voluminous and varied programme, which opened with Mr. Burnand's *Arim*, with Messrs. E. Terry and Paulton; the Vaudeville company (with Mr. Archer in lieu of Mr. W. Farren, who was playing Sir Peter Teazle at the Aquarium,) appeared in the second act of *Our Boys*; Mr. H. Irving and Miss Isabel Bateman in the first act of *Richard III.*; Mr. Charles Warner and Miss Neilson, in the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*; Miss Heath and the Princess's company in the snow scene from *Fane Shore*; Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) and Mr. Lyons in the graveyard scene from *Leah*; and Messrs. Emery, Terriss, and Mesdames Coveney and Hudspeth in a selection from *Nicholas Nickleby*. Recitations were given by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Terriss. Mr. Toole gave his amusing monologue, *Trying a Magistrate*, and Mr. Righton his humorous song, "I haven't the slightest idea," and Mr. Grossmith, jun., his musical sketch, *The Lord Mayor's Show in a Fog*. The Misses Mary and Annie Chatterton, daughters of the beneficeaire, displayed their skill as accomplished harpists, the first by her expressive rendering of a fantasia upon the air "Auld Lang Syne," and the two sisters by their brilliant execution of a Grand March, arranged as a duet for two harps. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Chatterton came forward and addressed the audience, warmly thanking the public and his friends, both before and behind the curtain, for their patronage and support, and more immediately for the present complimentary demonstration, which he gratefully estimated as a flattering testimony and approval on the part of the

public and the profession of his earnest efforts in the management of the theatre. When he became lessee in 1866, his original intention was to make this national theatre, where Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Macready had formerly triumphed, the permanent home of the legitimate drama, and in pursuance of this policy he had begun by producing plays by Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, and Sheridan Knowles, but unhappily with a mercantile return little commensurate with his costly outlay. He was therefore forced to resort to the realistic and spectacular drama, which was attended with more fortunate results. Mr. Chatterton enumerated the several eminent artists he had from time to time engaged, alludes to some praiseworthy reforms he had introduced in the management of the Theatre, and with excusable pride stated that during the whole of his régime at Drury Lane there had never been a single blank day at the Treasury. After a feeling allusion to the death of his friend, the late Andrew Halliday, to whose adaptations from the novels of Sir Walter Scott he owed so much of his success, Mr. Chatterton warmly acknowledged the assistance he had derived from the services of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, for his many and successful pantomimes; of Mr. Beverley, his accomplished scenic artist; Mr. Stirling, the stage manager; Mr. John Cormack; Mr. Meyder, the musical director; and the Vokes Family. He then announced that the Theatre would re-open at Easter for the performance of opera in English, or Italian opera, at popular prices, and retired amidst a torrent of applause. The benefit has realised a thousand pounds.

HAYMARKET.

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, in which Miss Neilson has continuously appeared as Viola since the 2nd of February, was withdrawn on Saturday night, and has been replaced by a revival of Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Hunchback*, with Miss Neilson as the heroine, Julia, and Miss Henrietta Hodson (specially engaged) as Helen. The part of Julia has long been one of the most marked impersonations in Miss Neilson's repertory, and her present embodiment exhibits many new excellencies, the result of constant study, artistic experience, and maturer power. Still charming in the earlier scenes of light and joyous comedy, Miss Neilson infuses an amount of pathos and tragic force into the later and more serious scenes which quite carries the sympathies of the audience, especially in the episodes of the defence of Clifford when he is deprived of his title and estates; the interview with Master Walter and her touching parting interview with her lover; in all which she elicited warm applause. Miss Hodson's Helen was also excellent, replete with grace and refined vivacity. Most amusing was her acting in the famous love scene with her modest cousin Modus, cleverly represented by Mr. Charles Harcourt. Mr. Howe, always careful and intelligent, was very effective as Master Walter; Mr. Conway was satisfactory as Sir Thomas Clifford, and Mr. Harold Kyrle excellent in the small part of Lord Tinsel. The revival, which was received with great applause by a crowded audience on Monday evening, can only be repeated for a limited period, as during her present engagement, which terminates early in May, Miss Neilson will appear in *The Lady of Lyons*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, and *Measure for Measure*.

OLYMPIC.

Wisely following the judicious policy of Mr. Hare under similar circumstances, a few weeks ago, with *Victims*, at the Court, the management of the Olympic withdrew *The Ne'er-do-Weel* on Saturday night. This, too, with the consent of the author, "who cheerfully admits the justice of the condemnation expressed by the Press and the public on the occasion of its first performance," and who has decided to entirely reconstruct and re-write the latter portion of the play, in the hope of rendering it acceptable to the public. Pending the reproduction in its altered form, Mr. Neville replaced it on Monday night by the favourite play of *Henry Dunbar*, which had been successfully revived here on the 17th November last, and which is now represented with the same effective cast as on that occasion, with the exceptions that Mr. George Yarnold replaces Mr. Hill in the subordinate part of the Head Waiter at the George Inn, where the first act takes place; and Miss Alma Stanley succeeds Miss Meyrick as Laura Dunbar. Mr. Henry Neville again resumes his original part of Henry Dunbar. Miss Bella Pateman's earnestness and strong emotion once more are effectively displayed as Margaret Wentworth, and Messrs. G. W. Anson and Pateman again efficiently represent the rascally Major and the detective Carter. Planché's graceful comedietta *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady* continues in the bills, and is brightly interpreted by Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Gerard, and Mr. Henry Neville in the leading characters. *Henry Dunbar* will be succeeded by a few representations of Lord Lytton's *Money*, previous to the representation of the amended *Ne'er-do-Weel*.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A CROWDED and discriminating, as well as evidently a good-naturedly disposed audience, assembled on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Theatre, where Herr Neville Moritz, the "celebrated Hungarian tragedian," made his first appearance on the English stage as Othello. That Herr Moritz is an artist of intelligence, high cultivation, and earnestness, well-versed, moreover, in the business of the stage, was soon apparent to all. His mastery of the English language is marvellously perfect for a foreigner, and with only the slightest accent, but his voice is hard, strongly guttural and monotonous, lacking above all the softness and flexibility of tone requisite for the expression of pathos. It is, however, strong and capable of giving full effect to his conception of Othello, which, like that of Salvini's, belongs to the robust and demonstrative order. Herr Moritz's impersonation of the Moor—although in some instances, as in his defence before the Senate, which was characterised by quiet calm and dignity; his tenderness towards Desdemona in the same scene, and his intensity of power in the great scene in the fourth act with Desdemona and Emilia, highly meritorious, and elicited well-deserved applause—was, on the whole, jerky and uneven, extremely tame and colloquial in the disturbance episode at Cyprus, and most disappointing in the last act from the introduction of some new and not very agreeable business in the catastrophe, and the absence of that deep pathos and despair which overwhelms Othello when he discovers how he has been so cruelly deceived by the treacherous Iago. Whatever disappointment was felt at the high expectations of the new Othello not being realised, this was more than compensated by the unusual excellence of the interpretation of the other leading characters in the tragedy; by Mr. Hermann Vezin who was admirable throughout as Iago; by Mr. Brooke as Cassio, by Miss Henrietta Hodson, who sustained the part of Desdemona with exceeding grace, tenderness, and gentle pathos, and by Miss Genevieve Warde, who represented Emilia with artistic discrimination and tragic power. These four artists shared in the most genuine applause of the afternoon. Mr. Arthur Stirling was dignified and impressive as Brabantio; Mr. Shore was very good as Roderigo, and Messrs. Voltaire and Fenton, lent effective aid respectively as Gratiano and Montano. The performance is to be repeated this afternoon, when Herr Moritz makes his second appearance.

DAYLIGHT IN NURSERIES.—Chappuis' Patents.—69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—Mr. W. Terris is engaged for the Court Theatre, where he will appear as Young Thornhill in *The Vicar*.—Miss Louise Moodie will appear at the Adelphi at Easter in *Une Cause Célèbre*.—Mrs. Chippendale will play Martha at the Lyceum.—We regret to hear that Mr. Phelps is seriously ill.—Mrs. Rousby is at the Standard Theatre. Mr. W. H. Pennington, one of the surviving heroes of Balaclava, announces an original play, in three acts, entitled *Balaclava*. Mr. Pennington served with his regiment—the Eleventh (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars—during the whole of the war.—On Monday next Mr. Brandram will recite Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the St. James's Hall in aid of the funds of the Ladies' Work Society. Mendelssohn's music to the piece, which has not been heard in London for some years, will on the same occasion be performed by the members of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.—James Garnier, described as of "no occupation," was charged on Monday last, at the Lambeth Police-court, with assulting James Douglas Littlejohn. The complainant stated that he had been living with a Miss Walton, an actress, who it was deposed was a ward in Chancery, and had been clandestinely married to the accused, who had gone to the house of the prosecutor to claim her. Mr. Chance said he should mark his opinion of the conduct of the complainant by ordering the accused to be discharged.—To-day *Our Mutual Friend* is to be produced at the Surrey Theatre, with Mr. W. McIntyre in his original part of Rogue Riderhood.—Miss Minnie Hauck will appear at Her Majesty's on the 25th of next month.—Mr. Hollingshead has secured the English rights of *Le Mari de la Débutante*, Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy's new play at the Palais Royal.—The legal dispute between Messrs. Coe and Sothorn has been amicably settled.—Mr. Hermann Vezin will play Dr. Primrose at the Court.—Mr. W. Terris will play the convict hero of *Une Cause Célèbre*, at the Adelphi.—Sir John Bennett was present at the "Philharmonic" on the 20th ult., and the *Era* says he was so pleased with the portrait of himself furnished by Mr. Edward Chessman, in *Génévieve de Brabant*, that he has presented that gentleman with a handsome signet ring, which was accompanied by a letter, saying "Your representation was so good and so gentlemanly that I hope you will wear a ring from the Burgomaster."—Mr. Morris Abrahams, the lessee of the Pavilion and East London Theatres, has presented a massive and artistically chased silver cigar-case to Mr. R. Dodson, the well-known dramatic author, as a slight mark of esteem.—It is curious (says a contemporary) how some of the most prominent people in the Madame Rachel case are connected with music. The plaintiff, Mrs. Pearce, is a daughter of Mario and Grisi, while the Mrs. Turner alluded to in the evidence as a daughter of Madame Rachel is Madame Helene Crosmont-Turner, who used to sing in the choir at the Albert Hall, who was but recently a pupil of Signor Randegger at the Royal Academy of Music, and who a few weeks ago sang in *Le Châlet* and *Faust* at Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mr. J. G. Taylor and Mr. Shore are engaged for the Queen's Theatre during the run of *The Lancashire Lass*.—*Peep o' Day* finishes its career on Saturday at the Park Theatre, and the *Colleen Bawn* is announced for Monday, Edmund Falconer appearing as Danny Man, his original character. Great things are expected of Mr. Desmond's Myles Na Coppaleen.

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. Kuhe's musical festival was brought to a termination on Saturday afternoon by the performance of Handel's oratorio, *The Messiah*. The vocalists were Miss Anna William, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Hollins, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The Dome was again crowded by many anxious to hear the celebrated tenor, who, on his appearance, was warmly received. The choruses were rendered by Mr. Kuhe's festival choir, whilst Mr. Crapps presided at the organ. Mr. Kuhe conducted.—Madame Campobello-Sinico sang at the special promenade concert on the same day at the Aquarium. Mr. Howard Reynolds also appeared, and closed a successful week's engagement.—*The Sorcerer* will be produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on May 27th.—*Round the Clock*, a new play by Mr. J. F. McArdle, is to be played on the 25th at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.—Mr. Maccabe bid his Manchester friends farewell on Saturday last, and has since appeared at Rochdale.—Mr. Clarence Holt is giving his entertainment at the Gaiety, Manchester.—*Engaged* met with a flattering reception last week at Liverpool.—On Saturday *No Name* was played for the first time at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Manchester.—Mr. Hubert O'Grady will appear shortly at the Liverpool Amphitheatre in *The Cannock*. Mr. Barry Sullivan will appear at this house at Easter.—*The Streets of Liverpool* has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool.—At Longton, on the 17th ult., Mr. W. B. Alexandre, the ventriloquist, died.—At the Gaiety, Dublin, *Liz* has been unfortunate.—Messrs. Pitt and Hamilton open at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, next week.—At the New Theatre Royal, Bristol, *After Dark* has been revived.—Mr. Reginald Moore will appear in *Une Cause Célèbre* with Mr. Wilson Barrett's Company at Brighton.—To-day (Saturday) the Amateur Pantomime will be reproduced at Brighton.—Miss Gainsborough plays Hero at the Alexandra in Liverpool, at Easter.—Miss Kate Pattison has been engaged for the Countess Zicka, and Miss Amy Crawford for the Marquise, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal for their autumn tour with *Diplomacy*.

FOREIGN.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been revived at Booth's Theatre, New York, with a considerable degree of success.—Mr. Lester Wallack has revived *Money*.—Clara Morris has received a hearty welcome at the New Broadway Theatre in her part of Jane Eyre.—*Sidonie* has been withdrawn at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and *The Diaoulmaugh* (the good demon) reigns in its stead.—At the Standard (late Eagle) Theatre, New York, *Our Boarding House* has been revived.—At the Union Square Theatre Mrs. Gilbert made a slip of the tongue, much to the confusion of that excellent lady. Just at the denouement, where she denounces the pretended Count, she exclaimed, addressing herself to him pointedly, "You are not her daughter!" This absurdity sent the house into roars of irrepressible laughter at a most serious moment.—*Champagne and Oysters* at the Park Theatre (New York) is highly prosperous.—At a benefit performance given at the Comedie Francaise on the retirement of M. Bressant, the pieces selected were Shakespeare's *Othello*, in French, and the *Caprices de Marianne*. The sum realised was considerably over a thousand pounds.—During a performance at the Apollo Theatre at Rome, on Sunday evening, the audience called for the Royal Hymn to be sung, and it was twice repeated, amidst great applause and shouts of "Long live the King!" "Long live Italy!"—Madame Christine Nilsson's success in Russia has been enormous.—Jeanne Granier is suffering from a severe cold.—At the Theatre Cling on Thursday last *La Police Noire*, a five-act drama, by M. Alfred Delacour, was successfully produced.—*Blinder Lärm*, a new one-act farce by Herr Max de Gross, has proved a failure at the Burgtheater, Vienna.—Signor Salvina has scored some grand successes in Milan.—The Prince of Wales was at the Théâtre de la Renaissance on Saturday last to see *Le Petit Duc*.

BRONCHITIS, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Phlegm.—Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers give immediate relief and a rapid cure. CAUTION.—The genuine Dr. Locock's medicines have the name in the Government Stamp, and the Trade Mark "Dr. Locock" on the label.—[ADVT.]

THE LATE "MR. ST. JAMES."

SINCE the death of poor George Ede ("Mr. Edwards") no fatality of the chase has produced such a wide-spread feeling of sorrow as the accident which occurred at Sandown Park on Wednesday last week, depriving the racing world of one of its most brilliant and daring horsemen, and society of one of its most delightful members. To know Captain the Honourable Reginald J. M. Greville-Nugent in any capacity was to esteem him. To see "the Limb" (the name jocosely given him by his most intimate friends, owing to his diminutive stature) in the pigskin was to behold a professor of the art of jockeyship who had given abundant proofs of his right to be reckoned amongst the Littles, Edwards, Bevills, Coventrys, Richardsons, and Thomases of the past and present. He has, alas! joined the majority. From the many accounts of the affair which have been published we select the following—from the *Sportsman*—having reason to know that it is the most correct:—"It appears that Longford, the horse he was riding in the Selling Steeplechase, was running amongst the leading three, and on attempting to clear the new water-jump, he fell, throwing his rider, who sustained little or no injury by the actual fall. Mr. St. James was struggling to his feet when Lockhart cleared the brook, and came into collision with the fallen rider. It is believed that Mr. Vyner's horse landed with one of his fore feet on Mr. St. James's left hand, and at the same time dealt him a heavy blow on the back of the head, just at the base of the skull, with the other. Notwithstanding the very serious injuries thus sustained Mr. St. James retained his consciousness, and with slight assistance was enabled to rise and walk a few steps. He then staggered, and becoming quite incapable of walking further, a hurdle was procured, and he was placed upon it. He then seemed to immediately relapse into insensibility." In reference to the event, the *World* says:—"The sad death of Mr. Reginald Greville-Nugent at Sandown has excited much sympathy. I have no doubt that the bad fall he got on Mable in the previous race had much to do with the fatal sequence in the Longford one. He was greatly shaken, one of his hands bruised, and a finger broken. Moreover, he was suffering pain both in the head and neck, and there was a look in his face when he weighed out which those who saw it will now long remember. If it had been possible to hint at such a thing as prudence to 'the Limb,' there were not wanting loving friends about him who would only too gladly have offered it. But to himself the idea of his standing down simply because he had had 'a shaking' would never have occurred; and if it had been suggested by others, would have been very unfavourably received. His nerve was wonderful. He seemed to delight in danger and to defy pain. One of the most unfortunate as he was one of the boldest riders, I doubt much if he ever escaped a fall at any meeting at which he rode. He had broken many bones, and he met with casualties of an extraordinary kind such as the one he encountered at Bristol in the spring of last year, when a horse, that had fallen at a fence just as Mr. Nugent was taking it, struck the bit in rising into his knee, causing intense pain and loss of blood. Mr. Nugent rode on, however, and, suffering as he was, managed to get second, when, if all had been well, he would no doubt have won. It was one of the many hard lines the poor 'Limb' too often had to put up with. 'Well, old fellow, we shall meet at Punchestown this time,' he said to me about ten days since in the Badminton Club, in allusion to the accident I have just mentioned, which had placed him hors de combat, and prevented his being at the Irish meeting last year. It was very sad, then, to see him lying on the table in the Committee-room of the Sandown Club last Wednesday, and to know—as the medical men from the first knew—that all would soon be over and the gallant spirit at rest. A good sister of mercy in the person of Lady Charles Ker sat by his side, and essayed to keep the flickering lamp of life alive as long as possible. But it was not to be, and gradually and silently the poor little 'Limb' sank and died. He had many friends, and but one enemy." On the day succeeding the accident, without recovering consciousness, he expired about two o'clock p.m. The deceased had just entered his thirtieth year. He was formerly lieutenant and captain in the Coldstream Guards, but retired from the regiment in 1871. In January, 1870, he was returned as M.P. for County Longford, but was unseated on petition in the following April, and in 1871 he was married to the Hon. L. Yarde-Buller, sister of the present Lord Churston.

The inquest on the body of the Hon. Reginald James Macartney Greville-Nugent was held on Saturday afternoon last in the Members' Stand at Sandown Park. Mr. Joseph Mascall Marsh, the Epsom trainer and jockey; John Mansfield, a labourer, of Hershams; and Mr. C. W. Izod, the medical attendant, were examined. Mr. Jones, who was riding Lockhart, stated that Longford, the horse Mr. St. James was riding, fell at the brook, and that Lockhart jumped upon him, being close in his track, and unable to get out of the way. Upon the direction of the coroner, Mr. George Henry Hill, a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. The funeral took place at Fore, County Westmeath, Ireland, on Wednesday. We are indebted to Messrs. Robinson, of Dublin, for the photograph from which our portrait is copied.

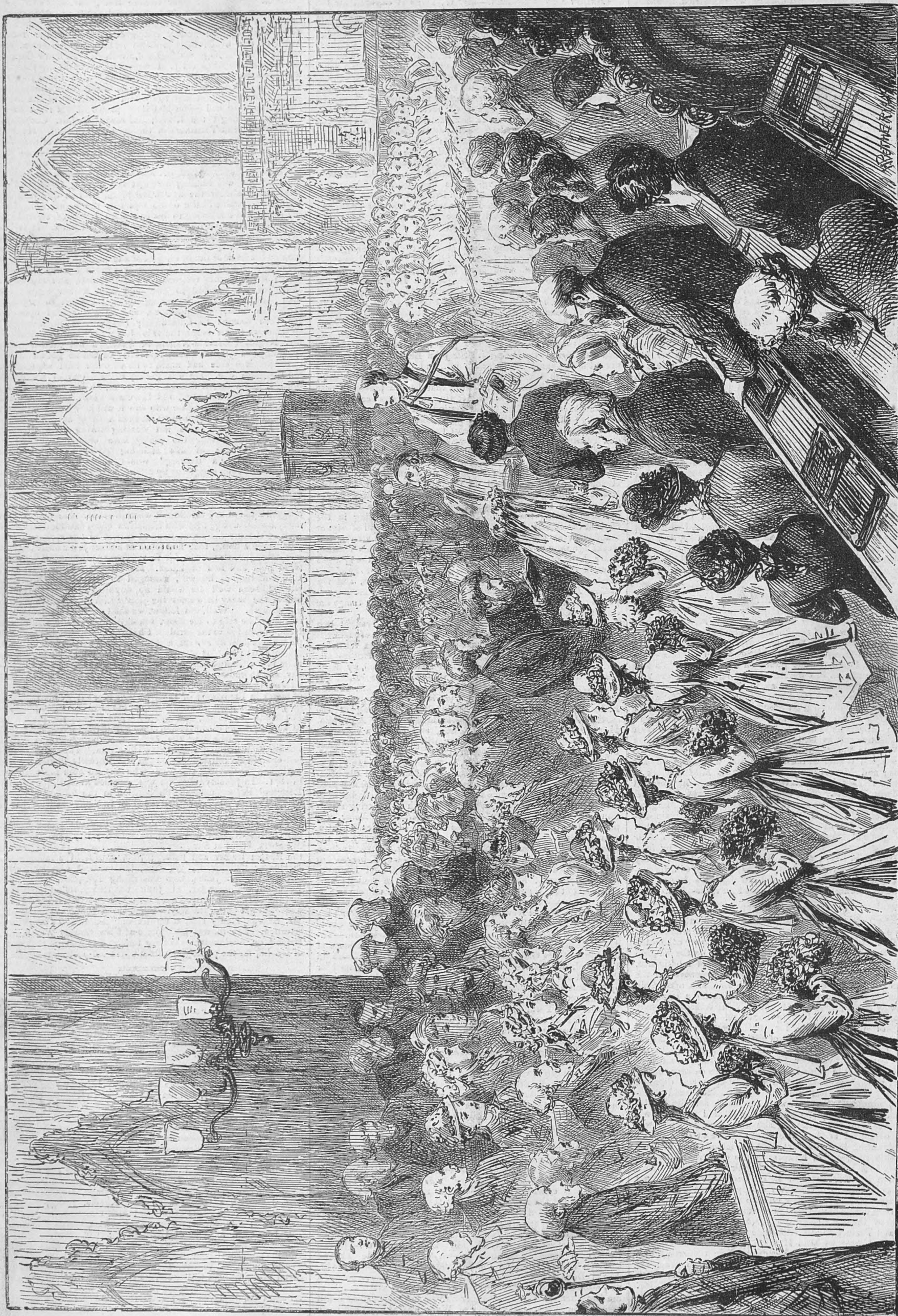
A NEW DRAMA.

MR. WILSON BARRETT produced the drama *Land Ahead*, by George Manville Fenn, at Hull, on Monday night, with great success. The audience was enthusiastic, and the calls frequent. *Land Ahead* is based upon the question of Irish emigration to the far West, and contains a sufficiency of homely touches to enlist the sympathies of any audience.

THE Stanley Bicycle Club give a bicycle conversazione and exhibition of bicycles, &c., on March 12 and 13.

A CALICO BALL was given at the Marble Rink, Clapham, on Thursday evening last, by Mr. and Mrs. A. Timewell. The rink, which is spacious and well adapted for dancing, was beautifully decorated for the occasion by Messrs. Simmons, the walls being hung with artistically-designed tapestry, and the groupings of the lights in the chandeliers being especially noticeable. Many of the dresses were rich and artistic in design, that of the Baroness Patogo, as Folly, being especially so. We noticed also Mrs. Siebe as a Normandy peasant; Col. Armytage, Mephistopheles; Mrs. Timewell, a Greek lady; Mr. Rogers, Joseph Surface; Mrs. Armytage, a Sister of Mercy; Mr. Timewell, the Earl of Rochester; Mrs. Stride, a Romp; Mrs. Best, Queen Elizabeth; Mr. J. Smith, a page of George III.; Col. Stacey, Earl of Leicester; Mrs. Winter, lady of 14th century; Miss Boddy, Ophelia; Miss Clare, Gipsy Queen; Mr. Winter, Knight Templar; Mr. H. Villiers, Turkish officer; Miss Lizzie Villiers, Sister of the Geneva Cross, &c. The ball was altogether a brilliant success. Want of space prevents our doing justice to the art and taste displayed by the whole of the guests—who numbered upwards of two hundred and fifty—in their respective dresses; we may say, however, that the *tout ensemble* was exceedingly pretty, and the arrangements were carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Timewell in a manner that would have done honour to Almack's in the Regency days.

CHILBLAINS.—Instant relief and cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle.—[ADVT.]



MARRIAGE OF MR. LIONEL TENNYSON AND MISS LOCKER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE GREAT SCENE FROM "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE," AT THE FOLLY THEATRE

D. HERSTON

TURFIANA.

It was in connection with the death of Sir Charles Slingsby, one of Yorkshire's great hunting worthies, that the "Druid" quoted those well-known lines—

"The image of a man who died
In his heyday of renown,
Has a fearful power, unto which the pride
Of fiery life bows down."

And they are touchingly appropriate to the victim of the late accident at Sandown Park, which deprived the steeplechasing world of one of its straightest, hardest, and pluckiest riders, and a large circle of friends of the centre round which they were wont so lovingly to rally, when Mr. "St. James" had his leg up, on favourite or outsider, for a spin between the flags. Somehow it happens that misfortunes overtake those whom we can least afford to spare; and the notorious "Armstrong" family goes on prospering, while death is busy among the men to whom we are accustomed to look upon as the salt of the earth; the leavening counter influences against cunning, chicanery, and double dealing, for which the world gives the jockey tribe too ready credit. It is noteworthy how these fatalities occur, not at the dangerous places in a cross country track, but most frequently at one of the most trivial of obstacles, and this has been exemplified over and over again of late years. Though perhaps not to be reckoned among the most fortunate of our band of non-professional jockeys, Mr. St. James possessed nearly all the attributes of a first-class rider, and was never happier than when steering some friend's horse to victory, as he did so many times both in England and Ireland. Men of the St. James stamp are not so numerous that we can afford to regard with indifference a gap in their ranks, and we gladly pay this tribute to departed worth. Of similar sterling stuff are made the heroes such as England may one day summon to rally round her standard, and who shall deny that many a lesson of pluck and endurance has been learnt "between the flags"?

The two-year-old entries for 1878 show that the "impending shadow of war" has influenced but little the minds of men on racing bent, and the liabilities incurred for certain juveniles of high promise set us thinking how much more severe is the work cut out for our two-year-olds than in the days when Thormanby passed as a wonder for having fulfilled fourteen of his early engagements. Mr. Merry was a giant among nominators in those days, and, were he still among us, would doubtless continue to hold his own; but the question must shortly arise where all these heavy responsibilities for the two-year-olds are to end, and whether we have not already too many of these good things, the foundation of which has opened up a new era in two-year-old racing. This much is certain, that a succession of what we may term juvenile "Derbys"—such in point of fact as are the contests recently established at Ascot, Goodwood, and other places (putting Newmarket out of the question altogether)—tends to spoil the interest taken in the subsequent great races of the year, to say nothing of the dulness communicated thereby to speculation. We may be old-fashioned in our notions, but we must confess to the soft impeachment of liking to see a big field assemble at the post for the Derby, instead of the rather meagre results of the many weedings out of the preceding year. We have moreover, it is to be feared, few owners of horses among us with whom the "sentiment" finds place of a desire to see their colours borne in the great race of the year, and fewer still who are inclined to act upon the policy of a late noble sportsman, whose maxim was "always to have a cut at the cracks." Would there were more of this dare-devil spirit now existing among us; less cold calculation and more of that "hot-headed rashness" by means of which surprises have been effected and favourites overthrown in the "brave days of old." As it is, we pass our Derby candidates through a succession of sieves, finer and finer by degrees, until we are left with a residuum of merit indeed, but less likely to be affected by the "glorious uncertainty" which must ever constitute the charm of racing.

The Middlesex magistrates still hold out against the pressure put upon them to rescind their previous determination, and to grant a license to Mr. Warner for his Kingsbury meeting. We can quite believe them when they say that there is no person they would more gladly accommodate than "mine host" of the Welsh Harp, and this makes his case appear all the harder; but still the opposition continues, and not even a distant ray of hope appears to make the often-asked-for concession a probability. Others beside the hotel keeper and his gardener are now appearing on the scene to protest against the nuisance caused by the influx of "racing men" to Kingsbury, and so the outlook gets worse and worse. It is hard lines for Mr. Warner that he should be the proto-martyr of a cause which attracts persecution only in one locality, for in other places licenses are to be obtained without difficulty for identical purposes, and we are fain to confess that no fault can be found with the Kingsbury management. Perhaps neither the class of men nor of horses attracted to these meetings is of the highest; but we should be glad to see all promoters of this kind of sport tarred with the same brush, and no invidious distinctions made between them. The "great unpaid" of course come in for much ridicule and reprobation, but we really fail to see what other course they could adopt under the circumstances. We know for certain that there are many on the Middlesex bench good and true sportsmen, and therefore not likely to be warped by sickly sentiment or ignorant prejudice in matters relating to racing. No doubt concessions on both sides are needed, and if Mr. Warner was content with holding one, or at most two meetings a year, instead of trying to rival Newmarket, he would enlist sympathies now arrayed against him. We throw out this hint for his consideration, and that of other Metropolitan caterers, believing that the policy of limiting their programme to a couple of days twice in the year would cut the ground from under the feet of those who look with a jealous eye upon more frequent assemblages.

Reverting to the Derby, we shall this week take up our parable concerning Insulaire, one of the first of the Dutch Skater's, and got by him out of Greensleaves, who, before she went amiss in the spring of "Blue Gown's year," enjoyed the reputation of being the best of that "wondrous three" trained by John Porter at Kingsclere in 1868. Insulaire takes much after her sire in colour, appearance, and style of going, but he is on the small side, and built after that fashion which holds out but small promise of aftergrowth sufficient to bring him up to the level of his competitors in this respect. We are inclined to think that Insulaire occupies a false position in the betting, and that his performances will not bear dissecting like those of several others likely to be pitted against him at Epsom. In one respect he is worth consideration, viz., because he ran like an improving horse as the season advanced, and, like his sire, he is eminently one of the "honest" sort, though not quite first chop. At the same time it must be borne in mind that Insulaire stays well, and it is for this reason, coupled with his undoubted gameness, that he may be a formidable candidate for a place in the Derby. We have always thought that he stuck much closer to Jeannette in the Clearwell than the Heath House stable either expected or liked, and he also gave a fairly good account of himself in the Dewhurst Plate, in which Childerich and others had to follow him home right humbly. Reports reach us that Insulaire has wintered well, but that he has grown very little since the autumn of 1877. It is quite on the cards that Count Lagrange may find some better representative, and if this should be the case, his chance must be reckoned as a formidable one indeed, and Insulaire will be a capital time-keeper.

At present there are several others we prefer before him, and only in case of those failing should we be inclined to cast in our lot with the game little black.

In a communication to a daily contemporary, penned by one professing a somewhat lengthy experience in steeple-chasing and hurdle-racing, it is contended that, as regards the last-named sport, the obstacles now adopted are not worthy of the name of fences, an opinion in which we fully concur, and which has found expression in these columns on more than one occasion. As was particularly remarked not long since, the fences have been bared down to suit the capabilities of the horses called upon to negotiate them, instead of the opposite course being adopted of educating the latter up to obstacles which would be encountered in any fair hunting race. The wretched scrambles now called hurdle races are mere travesties on former contests of this nature, and all this is the result of a system by which jades, rips, and screws, after having played their particular trick upon the flat, are relegated to draw tears from angels' eyes, on what is termed, by courtesy we presume, a steeplechase course, but which, for all the likeness it bears to that time-honoured institution, might be as well transferred to a circus or to the Agricultural Hall. Talking of such "tinpot" meetings, reminds us that the Bromley stewards have done good service in punishing Daniels and Hales for their suspicious riding in the Selling Hurdle Stakes. The first-named of these offenders has been at these sort of tricks before, but notwithstanding this, we were amazed to find a good word spoken for him in a contemporary not long since, which shows how hopeless must be the efforts of wellwishers to sport in purging it of its baser associations so long as writers in the sporting press can be found willing to support such scoundrels. What makes the action of Lord Marcus Beresford and his colleagues more acceptable, is the fact of their having personally noted the riding of Daniels and Hales; thus showing that stewards are occasionally not only to be found at their posts, but taking personal cognisance of the evil deeds of jockeys and others—a most desirable but hitherto too neglected a practice.

It is unfortunate for the Stud Company that so very large an amount of its dirty linen should have been washed in public of late, which is all the more undesirable, because its many friends and supporters had made up their minds that a new leaf had been turned over, and that all was going on prosperously. There was enough mismanagement at first and misrepresentations afterwards to make the concern a failure; but it seemed to have tided over all these misfortunes, and to be in a fair way of recovering the reputation and credit which had begun to attach to it. The secretary's explanatory statement was a most unfortunate one; but though mistakes have doubtless occurred, we consider them hardly of that grave character demanding such an *exposé* as that recently experienced in the columns of the *Field*. Doubtless, out of so lengthy and minute discussion some good will arise, and we cannot but agree with the remark made by one of the disputants, that too large an amount of capital has been lately expended in adding to the stock and extending the domains of the company. All this is natural enough, for we have ample experience in the case of present breeders, that the *cacoethes acquirendi* seem to increase with their studs, and they appear to imagine that they would lose *caste* if they did not "cut in" for every desirable piece of thoroughbred horseflesh in the market. That is a mistaken idea, and one which has brought discomfiture on more than one speculator; but the temptation is doubtless a strong one, and we cannot wonder that so many fall victims to it. We think, too, that the right nail has been hit on the head by one who asserted that the required share capital of the company was too small, and we may truthfully add, *hinc ille lachrymæ*. However, there is nothing like a good storm for clearing the air, and we recommend shareholders henceforward to go thoroughly into practical matters with their directors before coming before the unsympathetic public with a "tale of woe."

As we write, Hesper is all the go for the International Hurdle Race at Croydon next week, and we hear that he has taken most kindly to the "sticks." On the flat he was not a stayer of the first water, but in some unaccountable way, when sprinters take to the jumping business they frequently come out in a new character as regards staying powers, and many a softly-bred one on paper has altogether belied his reproach when put to school for steeplechasing. However, we shall not stand the slashing Speculum on this occasion, neither shall we rank ourselves among the followers of Lord Lincoln, creditably as he performed for a novice at hurdle-racing. Old Scamp will probably have to wait a little longer before he is again credited with a big race; and report is busy with the merits of Asteroidal, one of the "juveniles" of the party, and he may be most formidable among extreme outsiders. Northfleet has plenty of good money behind him, and will, we think, stay the course: two very important points in his favour; while of Sugarloaf we hear fairly encouraging accounts, and he is certainly built on lines peculiarly well adapted for the game at which he is so promising a novice. Clonave we are bound to respect, and report has it that notwithstanding his quietness in the market, his party are confident that their horse has come back to his best form; but though fond of the Irishman's chance, we must look elsewhere for the winner. We like a horse with good credentials, and one with which no liberties are taken, and this we fancy we can find in *Woodcock*, by whose chance we shall be content to abide, while Prodigal, "with a run," may carry our place-money along with Clonave. To the other events no allusion need be made, and there is nothing in the running of the week in the provinces to call for any special remark, though we may note that the Grand Military Steeplechase at Sandown augurs well for two days' interesting sport.

SKYLARK.

OUR American contemporary, the *New York Sportsman*, says: Trickett is as yet unheard from, and the tripartite affair of Hanlan-Courtney-Trickett is much like the lock of an old musket of the flint and steel days. The answer to the challenges of the Americans will soon arrive here, and if we are not much mistaken, they will contain an invitation to examine the beauties of the Parramatta River. Should the answer, however, prove to be an acceptance, then we can prepare for lively times. As we suggested before, it would pay him well to come here; but we incline to the opinion that he will prefer to stay at home, and looking at it in its right aspect, we cannot see how we can expect him to leave his home. The only thing that we regret is that he did not pay us a visit at the period when we were holding our Centennial regatta. Had he done so, and defeated some of our scullers, he could have demanded that America should come to Australia. In our home affairs we have one or two new features, although nothing of importance.

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ATHLETICS, CRICKET, &c.

SINCE my last I have but one athletic meeting to notice, viz., that in connection with Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and but a few words will suffice about these, as the performances were far below par. The 120 yds handicap fell to T. Evans, 6 yds start, in 12 3-5 sec.; D. O. Steele threw the hammer 82 ft 5 in.; W. H. Murphy, with 25 yds, won the quarter in 52 4-5 sec.; E. Maudesley secured the wide jump at 19 ft 5 in.; S. Hoare took the two miles race in 11 min. 6 sec.; whilst the consolation 180 yds saw Hartley to the fore. As usual, the great attraction was the strangers' one mile handicap, and no fewer than twenty-eight athletes faced the starter. R. T. Wilson, of Jesus College, 85 yds start, proving the victor by a dozen yds from G. H. F. Vane, Trinity, 65 yds, who was some 6 yds in advance of E. S. Arkle, St. Peter's, 135 yds start—time 4 min 31 4-5 sec.

Cricketers all, whether amateur or professional, I am sure, will hear with sincere regret that Tom Humphrey, one of the "Surrey boys," has been confined to his bed over four months with rheumatic fever.

On Saturday night, at exactly seven seconds past eleven o'clock, Stanton succeeded in accomplishing the task he had set himself of riding 1,000 miles in six days, his riding time being restricted to 18 hours. When everything is taken into account, it was a great feat, the simple monotony of the task, combined with the fact that he was performing in an enclosed hall on a small track, being alone sufficient to drive any ordinary person out of his wits. I have neither space, time, nor inclination to go through the whole details, and consider that the subjoined summary of what he did every day will suffice:—

SUMMARY.													
TIME IN SADDLE. MILES.							TIME IN SADDLE. MILES.						
h. m. s.							h. m. s.						
Monday	12	23	47	172		Thursday.....	12	23	23	166	
Tuesday	12	6	8	168		Friday	12	10	59	164	
Wednesday	11	58	34	164		Saturday.....	12	15	33	166	
Total time in saddle, 144 hours 24 min. 24 sec.; distance traversed 1,000 miles.													

Total time in saddle, 144 hours 24 min. 24 sec.; distance traversed 1,000 miles.

As companions, Stanton had C. Terront, champion of France; W. Thomas, champion of Hampshire; F. White, of Wolverhampton; and for the last fifty miles, Cooper, of Sheffield. Amongst other attractions at the Agricultural Hall during the week, I may mention that Mr. John Reeves's Canadian Ox is in itself a marvel.

At both the Universities, ere these lines appear in print the crews will have gone into hard work. The Oxford crew is now as nearly as possible definitely settled, and the following I think will be seen in the boat at Putney, viz.:—Ellison, University (bow), 2. Cowles, St. John's; 3. Southwell, Pembroke; 4. Grenfell, Balliol; 5. Pelham, Magdalen; 6. Burgess, Wadham; 7. Edwards-Moss, University; Marriott, B.N.C. (stroke). This crew had a good spin on Tuesday, which gave general satisfaction, and I hear great things of Pelham, Burgess, and Southwell, although I know many are adverse to the last-named. Yesterday being Ash-Wednesday the eight took the conventional rest. Things have not gone quite so smoothly at the Light Blue University; chops and changes having been continuous; but from information received, as the police say, I am led to think that the Cantabs will send a better crew to the Thames than is generally supposed. A perfect host of old blues have visited the banks of the Camb during the week, and the latest eight that I have to hand is composed as follows:—J. A. Watson-Taylor, Magdalen; C. T. Holmes, Clare; T. W. Barker, First Trinity; C. Gordon, Jesus; R. J. Spurrell, Trinity Hall; T. E. Hockley, Jesus; L. G. Pike, Caius, and E. H. Prest, Jesus, stroke. The match between Nicholson and Elliott on the Tyne last Monday was in many ways unsatisfactory. A perfect sea prevailed, and Nicholson could barely keep his boat floating, whilst Elliott, who is a most powerful man, led after the first two hundred yards, and eventually won by upwards of a quarter of a mile. On Tuesday Hawdon and Hymes rowed from the Mansion House to a point a little west of the head of the meadows, and this was also a run-away affair, Hawdon winning with something in hand, although only by a length. Elliott has challenged Higgins for the championship and its accompanying challenge cup, and also wants to get on with Thomas or Blackman, and it is not so very unlikely that he makes all three matches. He will be no easy nut for any of them to crack.

Billiards have been all but a blank this week. Indeed, all that I can have to say is that another of those popular handicaps, promoted by Mr. Barrett, at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea, is in course of consummation, and that W. Sexton has given Cyrille Dion a rare beating in Canada. The latter had 200 start in 1,000, for 4,000 dollars, and was beaten by 235.

Football has been most prominently before the public during the past few days. Those old opposing teams, England and Scotland, have, both at the Association and Rugby Union games, been in bitter array. On Saturday the Association game was played at Glasgow, when the wearers of the rose suffered a most disastrous defeat, the Scots gaining seven goals to their opponents' two. The Rugby game took place at Kennington Oval, and was most stubbornly contested—indeed, so much so that when "no side" was called neither had gained any advantage, the result being a draw. At Richardson's Field, Blackheath, a match was inaugurated between the Glasgow Academicals and the Blackheath F. C. and the visitors came off victoriously by a goal to nil. To retrace my steps, however. On Saturday, Clapham Rovers and Richmond met in the Deer Park, and the former won by a goal and two touches down to nothing. In the match for the Sheffield Association Challenge Cup (being the final tie) between Wednesday and Attercliffe, the former, who have not lost a goal in the cup series, proved the winners. Of other matches I may mention that Cheshire beat Yorkshire, Ulster defeated Leinster, Old Harrovians beat Westminster School, Clapham Carlton the Clarendon; Arrows, St. John's Wood; Old Blues, Petrel; Hornsey Rovers, Twickenham; Herts Rangers, Upton Park; Gipsies, Royal Naval School, &c. Yesterday (Wednesday) the annual golf match between the rival universities of Oxford and Cambridge was played on the Wimbledon Links, and the Dark Blues won every game with the greatest ease.

The following have been selected as competitors for a six days' walking competition for which Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., M.P., has guaranteed prizes of over £750, to take place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, during the week commencing Monday, March 18:—James Bailey, Sittingbourne; W. Barnett, Leeds; H. Brown ("Blower"), Fulham; W. Corkey, London; Peter Crossland, Sheffield; Mr. Thomas Easton Easthall (amateur), Brighton; W. Gregory, Hoxton; Joseph Groves, Oswestry, Salop; John Hope, Richmond, Yorkshire (late of Greenwich); W. Howes, Haggerston; George Ide, North Woolwich; George Hazael, London; George Johnson, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire; S. R. Johnson, Wrexham; P. Lewis, Islington; C. C. Martyn, Yatton, Bristol; P. McCarty, York; James McLeavy, Alexandria; G. Parry, Manchester; J. Smith, York; W. Smith, Paisley; W. H. Smythe, Dublin and America; Harry Vaughan, Chester; and E. P. Weston, Lichfield, Connecticut, N.E., United States.

Should my article prove less readable or lengthy than my readers are accustomed to receive at my hands, I must crave

their kind indulgence, as I have been severely indisposed. However, next week I must do my best to make amends, and show my gratitude to the numerous body who have in the past always looked kindly on the shortcomings of

EXON.

THE MARGATE DOG, CAT, AND RABBIT SHOW.

THE Margate show of last week, from which our sketches were procured, proved a great success; not only were the number of entries large, the prizes liberal, and the decisions of the judges conducive to general satisfaction, but the public patronage was of the best. The fine Hall by the Sea was literally crowded, even on the most expensive day (Wednesday). Many of the dogs of the day were shown, as having already received commendation. Except when it was necessary to ascertain the age of any dog, catalogues were not used, so all animals stood on a more equal footing in competition. The bloodhounds and St. Bernards were very fine classes, and upheld by first-rate breeders. Bulldogs were a disgrace to the show. Scotch collies, rough and smooth, were represented from the kennels of Mr. Thompson. The animals shown in the illustration are—No. 1, Rev. E. G. Banks's Landseer Newfoundland, Turk; No. 2, Mr. J. Angell's St. Bernard, rough coated, Avalanche (first prize); No. 3, Mr. M. H. Beaufoy's (third prize) bloodhound; No. 4, Dr. Hemming's (first prize) Scotch deer-hound, Linda. Rabbits: No. 5, Mr. Cleaver's (first prize) double lopped doe rabbit—ears, 27 in. by 31 in.; No. 6, Mr. Borsuer's (first prize) Angora. Cats: No. 7, Mr. C. Ofield's (first prize) tabby cat, Shaver; No. 8, Mrs. Natts's long-haired kitten, nine months old. The numbers correspond with those in the drawing.

SAPLINGS IN TRAINING.

WELL, not exactly. The learned in the habits and customs of well-bred and intelligently-trained longtails will assure you that such a troop, or herd, or pack of saplings as that depicted by our artist should not be allowed out together, if the owner of the young things has anything in view beyond the mere desire to afford a friend the pleasure of a look at his kennel "on the romp." As a matter of fact, Mr. Moore made a brief journey from London, and was shown (as a great favour, and not without a protest—"it is not regular, you know!") the interesting sight which he has not unsuccessfully realised in his spirited sketch. We leave it to followers of the leash to pick out from the group that are scampering up to their trainer the probable winner of next year's Waterloo Cup.

REVIEWS.

The Great Thirst Land. By PARKER GILMORE. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE author in his preface to this deeply interesting and valuable work says: "I shoot for the pot—*id est*, to fill the pot; when that is done, I cease to take the lives of valuable, food-furnishing animals. Thus I have to record no wonderful bags of game, but simply the killing of what was absolutely necessary for the support of myself and my attendants." Therefore in opening these pages we expected a traveller's rather than a sportsman's record, for if the object of these wanderings in the Great Thirst Land, or, in one word, Africa, had been to fill the pot only, we should have been unable to understand why it was not filled at less expense, and with less risk and inconvenience, nearer home. Still sport, and sport of a very exciting and varied kind, crops up at frequent intervals all through the volume, and the author, while pursuing with courage, zeal, and patience his main business as an explorer, never fails to let us know how thoroughly he is inspired by a naturally enthusiastic love of sport and adventure. Sport does, indeed, pervade every part of the work. The expedition to which the volume owes its existence was suggested by a sportsman, who was our author's companion, and who, although he was not thirty years of age, had "travelled all over the world, hunted in the Rocky Mountains, killed large game in India and the Malay Archipelago, and bagged wild fowl, pheasants, and snipes in China and Japan." We are told, moreover, of the care and judgment with which the author selected his guns, the kind he bought and why he bought them, of a certain Birmingham firm, and how his order was "four ten-bore double guns to shoot ball; two eight-bore double guns also to shoot ball; and four Martini-Henry carbines;" with, at his partner's request, a single-barrel four-bore rifle, which had been made for the celebrated traveller and elephant hunter Petherick, of White Nile reputation, and we are also told how, with these weapons our travellers carried twenty thousand rounds of ball-ammunition, one hundred pounds of gunpowder, five hundred pounds of pig lead, and five hundred pounds of shot." Thus completely armed, and otherwise provided with an outfit well worthy the consideration of any one who may follow in their footsteps, our travellers set out, and Mr. Gilmore carries us with them in a fresh, pleasant, unaffected way from chapter to chapter, from the London Docks to Dartmouth, and thence to Madeira, on our way to the Cape, and so on through all the perils, various adventures, and discoveries of their subsequent wanderings, we never for an instant growing weary of the stories and amusing anecdotes he tells, or losing interest in the scenes he describes, or failing to discover new and useful information. Of special interest and value just now are the hints for those about to emigrate to the Transvaal. Mr. Parker Gilmore strongly recommends such emigrants not to part with a single shilling to the emigration agents until they have inspected their intended purchase, and then on no account to be induced to have it unless they can obtain a guarantee that the springs or watercourses upon it are unfailing; the want of water being the thing that militates most severely against these upland plains, and the Transvaal being essentially a stock-raising country. "The true source of wealth to its inhabitants are cattle," says our author, and a dry season, or the failure of the water supply, may of course mean speedy and complete ruin even to a farmer of comparative opulence. Where water can be raised by machinery for the purpose of irrigation, as it can by the Vaal, Marico, Notawany, and Limpopo rivers, we are told that splendid crops of millet, Indian corn, sugar, cotton, with nearly every variety of fruit could be raised; tobacco also, if properly cultivated, might be made one of the staples of the country. Labour is difficult of access, for although the Kafir population is abundant, they are too proud to stoop to the drudgery of agriculture, which they leave to their women. But they do not object to act as herders of cattle or in any similar capacity. Space will not permit us to dwell longer upon Mr. Gilmore's very readable pages. And in conclusion we can only say that those who love to explore in books strange scenes in far-away and little-known lands, to share the excitement of stirring adventures, contemplate human life under circumstances altogether unlike those they live amongst, and gain new ground for philosophical thought, cannot have a more genial, better informed, or more closely observant companion than sport-loving Mr. Gilmore, or a more deeply interesting subject than "The Great Thirst Land." There is a significant hint to somebody in the following extract:—"And, lastly, I would say that, with moderate expenditure and half-a-dozen attendants, I will pass through Africa from north to south, and probably not take more than a year to do it. My method is simplicity itself, and would probably not involve the death of a human being."

Carter's Practical Gardener. Eighth edition. E. Marlborough & Co.

It cannot be surprising to those who have made themselves acquainted with this admirably comprehensive work that it should have already sold to the extent of forty thousand copies. In recommending to new readers this marvellous shillingworth of indispensable information and artistic illustrations, we would use with special emphasis the somewhat trite remark that no one who possesses a garden, little or big, ought to be without it. In the language of the preface, "Written in plain language, by thoroughly practical men, the various articles cannot fail to be of great service to amateur gardeners who desire to produce a pretty floral effect, as well as those who wish to grow the best kind of vegetables in the most approved manner."

A Short Sketch of English History from 55 B.C. to 1877 A.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

TWENTY pages, for sixpence, of facts that everybody should know, put together in an admirably succinct and comprehensive manner by Mr. John N. Bissell, a gentleman who is evidently a master of the rare art of clear condensation. We have nothing but praise for this useful sketch, which we venture to commend to the notice of the School Board for London.

Musical Sketches Abroad and at Home. By Professor Ella. London: W. Reeves.

WE have to thank Mr. Reeves for the publication of a series of volumes which cannot fail to considerably enrich the literature of music, to which the above volume is the most recent addition. It contains an interesting and well varied collection of historical, anecdotal, biographical, and critical fragments, fairly well classified and arranged. In his preface, the statements of Professor Ella sound somewhat inconsequent. He says it is his motto that "all history that is not contemporary is open to suspicion," and in support—apparently—of this by no means unquestionable or original opinion, proceeds immediately to show how Voltaire regarded certain statements made by Herodotus as fabulous, although he—Herodotus—was in a "manner contemporary," and how, when Mr. Ella himself described "to a circle of Hungarians in Pesth in 1866, the monster choir gathering the same year of 30,075 children and adults, including a band of 500 in one county only of England, at Halifax, on Whit-Tuesday," his hearers would not believe him, and goes on to say with regard to the stories he tells of those who were not his contemporaries, "I have given the best guarantee I can of their authenticity by quoting the source from which they have been obtained." It would not be difficult to show that the best demonstrated facts of history were written by non-contemporaneous rather than contemporary historians, and that it is in contemporary history that we find most commonly real facts intentionally distorted, seeming facts most carefully invented, and those sinister misrepresentations which spring from personal prejudices, passions, and partizan feelings, or intentions, most commonly indulged in. Indeed, on page 4 of the volume before us Mr. Ella himself provides illustrations in support of this view, and says: "It is hard to divest oneself of personal feelings in listening to the performance of a rival artist." There is much that is suggestive of a wider application in this direction when Mr. Ella, on page 3, tells us: "How rarely do we find a new artist, or a composition by an unknown hand, fairly appreciated at a first hearing, even by experienced musicians!" We like best the anecdotal and descriptive portion of "Musical Sketches," which its readers will find suggestive, amusing, and interesting.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage. Dean and Son Fleet-street.

THIS important "institution," for it is more than a mere book, defies by its bulk and curious completeness not only all attempts at carping on the part of the most hypercritical reviewer, but also the most sincere desire on his part to do its multitudinous excellencies adequate justice in the space afforded him for the accomplishment of such a task. To say that "Debrett" for 1878 is as good and as trustworthy as ever would be to say a great deal in its favour, and yet that would not be enough. Year by year it grows in extent, and almost every year we find that its merits have undergone material augmentation. "A depository of information which I never open without amusement and admiration" was the testimonial voluntarily bestowed on "Debrett" by Lord Cairns, in the House of Lords, nearly two years ago. During the intervening period the editor has spared no pains to make his labours even more acceptable and amazing. He says, referring to Lord Cairns's compliment, "Such commendation stimulated me to increased exertion, and I have since strenuously endeavoured to improve the work, my exertions meanwhile being very liberally supported by the publishers." We are assured—and we must place implicit faith in the assurance—that the present volume has been completely revised, the "Peerage" remodelled, and the "Baronetage" reset in new type. The additions occupy seventy extra pages. In proof of the arduousness of his labours and the readiness of those concerned to lighten them, the editor mentions the fact that "more than 10,000 peers, baronets, and knights, and their relatives, have courteously furnished information, or corrected or verified the proofs forwarded for revision." Such being the case, one cheerfully undoubtingly admits the solidity of the basis upon which the editor rests his boast, when he "unhesitatingly asserts the work to contain, in the aggregate, five times more information concerning living members of families of peers and baronets than all other kindred works combined." Thus much for the trustworthiness of this remarkably exhaustive book of reference. To those beings who have not frequent occasion to consult the pages of "Debrett" in the way of business—and, by the way, it is surprising what a vast number of persons of all classes have to make consultations—benighted persons to whom the West-end "guide, philosopher, and friend" is in verity a sealed book, let us say that the bulky volume is more interesting than half the novels that issue from Mudie's or Smith's.

THE well-known cricketer, Julius Cæsar, died on Wednesday last, at his residence, Godalming, Surrey, after a lingering illness, at the age of 48.

THE Banquet to be given to Mr. F. B. Chatterton will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday next, March 11, 1878, at half-past three p.m., when the chair will be occupied by Lord William Pitt Lennox.

PLUMPTON COURSE MEETING.—Lovers of coursing in "the London district" are reminded that the above meeting takes place on the 14th and following days. Special railway facilities have been provided, for which see advertisement.

WE hear from Newmarket, that Arbitrator has been seized with an attack of the epidemic which befell others of Joseph Cannon's team a short time back.

ANCHORITE (aged), trained by J. Peart, jun., at Malton, after finishing a two-miles gallop on Sunday, dropped down dead.

R. McEwan the jockey has entered into an engagement with Thomas Lunn, and has joined that trainer's establishment at Richmond.

DEATH OF MR. W. E. JONES.—We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. W. E. Jones—a gentleman well known in racing circles—which occurred suddenly on Friday afternoon last week. The deceased gentleman, who was in his fifty-sixth year, was at one time an owner of race-horses, but was more recently better known as a commissioner identified with the London Market.

HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

THE fact of one of the Queen's deer having been killed in the water at Rulstode Park has been going the round of the papers, as something very cruel having taken place. They say the deer was literally torn to pieces by the hounds. No such thing took place. The deer "was drowned," and I may truly say that the fact of a deer being killed by hounds is a thing of very rare occurrence. Then they speak of the "tame" stag. Let the writer of the article try and catch him and get him into the deer cart, and he will soon alter his tone. Sometimes they are so wild and savage that it will take a very long time to get them out of the paddock, for they go up to them with great flake-hurdles to protect themselves. I never saw a better letter than that written by "Druid" last Saturday in the *Standard*, and I fully endorse all he says. Some "deer" will be hunted for years. I remember "The Doctor," he always gave fine runs with the Queen's, and after a long service was actually left out in Windsor Park at the end of the season for a summer's run. "Sepoy," again, and "Farmers' Glory," and the "Sarratt Hind," and "Cranborne," were hunted for years. As I before remarked, the killing of a deer by hounds is a very rare thing.

The hunting near Folkestone and Hythe has been particularly good lately; the Earl of Guildford has had some capital runs and found plenty of foxes in some parts of his country; but I regret to say that there is a scarcity near Hythe. It is strange with such fine covers as there are about there, that there are not more foxes. But if the fox-hunting near Sellindge has not been good, the dog-hounds have made up for it, for they have had some rattling good things lately—Mr. Charles Bass, as usual, getting them the best and strongest lines to run over; in fact, I consider the meets near Sellindge to be the best these hounds run over. Any man riding to hounds from start to finish, when Mr. Bass finds the line, has plenty to do, for the country from the Knowl, under the hill, and the meadows, want a lot of doing, and it must be a good man and horse who can do the seven miles.

The late Charles Davis, the Queen's Huntsman, had a very cheery way of telling a good run. I remember coming home from hunting with him one day, when passing along the Beaconsfield-road, near the Yew Tree, he said:—"The finest fox-hunting run I ever saw was from that cover, it was during the time the 'old' O. B. H. hunted that country. We found, in that corner (pointing to it) and ran through the Duke's Wood by Gerard's Cross to Denham, over the water into the Harrow country to Oxey Wood, and killed him at Pinner." Now, any one knowing the country must admit that must have been a run indeed. I don't know how it is, but foxes don't run now like that in the O. B. H. country. Although they have very fair sport, but a very difficult country to hunt, with great beech woods, and as a rule not particularly a good scenting country.

Brickett Wood is a neutral cover, and is hunted one month by these hounds and the next by the Hertfordshire hounds. I have seen good runs even from Brickett. I remember a rattling good one by Goranbury to St. Albans, during the time Mr. Gerard Leigh hunted them. What a loss he was! The way he hunted the country, and the princely stud he kept up will be long remembered; and his huntsman, Ward, was the best heavy-weight I ever saw, with the exception of poor Chafey.

The Collingdale stag-hounds have been doing very well; they had a fine run from the neighbourhood of Staines last week to Harrow. The falls were numerous: one young ldy coming regular "cropper." I hear that Mr. Charles Thompson saw the best of it; he goes very well to hounds, and is a bold rider.

The best man I ever saw to hounds was James Man. It was a treat to see him leading the field over the Vale of Aylesbury. Poor Jem, he was a good-hearted fellow, and every one liked him! I remember his jumping a gate, and a gentleman tried to follow him, but could not get his horse to take it; but kept on refusing. At the check which soon after took place (it was in the Harrow country) the gentleman wanted to buy Jem's horse—which he did!—giving him a lot of money; and his own horse in the bargain. They dismounted, and changed horses, the hounds soon after hitting off the scent, and over he goes over the very first gate that stood before him—much to the surprise of the gentleman, who thought his horse would not take timber. He used to say "When you come to a big place, ram your horse at it; the horse won't fall if he can help it. At all events, either you or both will get to the other side." For so hard a rider, few got less croppers. It was a treat to see him pilot Mr. Villars.

I have had very pretty runs sometimes with beagles. Capital fun have I had with the pack that was kept by the Eton boys, and they often brought their hare "to book." To the e that like hunting and a good run, there is nothing like it. It has often surprised me the miles those boys would run, and never seem to get tired; but the beagle has so much music that it acts like the music to the waltzer—you never seem to want to leave off.

A shocking accident occurred in the hunting field on Tuesday, by which Mrs. William Crawshaw, of Riverdale, Newnham, Gloucestershire, and wife of Mr. W. Crawshaw, ironmaster, was killed. Lord Fitzhardinge had a bye day with his hounds at Norton. Mrs. Crawshaw, who was very fond of hunting, was following the hounds, and when near Lewkesbury Park her horse jumped a hedge and came beneath a somewhat low apple tree. The lady stooped to avoid the branches, and her head came violently against the trunk of the tree, and her neck was broken. She fell from her horse, and died instantaneously in the arms of Captain Keenard's groom, who was in attendance on her and was the only person near at the time. When the sad news reached the field they at once desisted from the chase. Deceased was a young and beautiful woman, and the daughter of Mr. Gordon Cannine, of Hurlbury House, near Gloucester.

The Queen's Royal Buckhounds met on Tuesday at Richins, near Colnbrook. The day was cold, but notwithstanding, the field was a good one, including the noble master, Lord Hardwicke. At noon the deer was uncartered near Langley Railway Station, and ran nearly to West Drayton, turned to the left, and got into Tower's Park, the field being left outside. After the pack hunted the deer round the park, it came out, and ran to Shedding Green, away for Langley Park, George Green, by Wexham Church, into Upton Wood. Here the deer laid up for a short time. On being got out of the wood it made straight away for Black Park, when it ran through, and came out by the Crooked Billel, in which neighbourhood it was taken, after a dodging run. We are pleased to state that Dick Edrupt is much better after his fall last week.

WARWICK RACES.—Several Stakes close and name to Mr. John Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham, on Tuesday next. Particulars in our Advertisement.

PACKINGTON AND NORTH WARWICKSHIRE STEEPLE CHASES.—Several Stakes will close and name on Tuesday next to Mr. Sheldon, 50, New-street, Birmingham. Our Advertisement column furnishing full particulars.

NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHLEY HUNT MEETING. TUESDAY, APRIL 9.

EARL SPENCER'S PLATE of 200 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; 5 fur, straight. 75 subs, of whom 35 paid 3 sovs entrance only.

9 6 Mousquetaire, 5y	7 1 Incense, 4 yrs	6 4 Glance, 5 yrs
9 5 Ecosais, aged	6 13 Kowloon, 5 yrs	6 4 Queen's Own, 4 y
7 12 Woodlack, 5 yrs	6 11 Warren Hastings, 4 yrs	6 3 Copel, 4 yrs
7 12 Monk, 4 yrs	6 10 Cartridge, 4 yrs	6 3 Hudibras, 3 yrs
7 10 Charivari III., 5y	6 10 Cannon Ball, 4 y	5 13 c by Buccaneer
7 9 Camembert, 5 yrs	6 9 Oxonian, aged	5 12 c by Fancy, 3 yrs
7 8 Cradle, 5 yrs	6 9 Caen, 4 yrs	5 12 Greenback, 3 yrs
7 7 Templar, aged	6 9 Oaen, 4 yrs	5 12 King of the Castle, 3 yrs
7 7 Touchet, 4 yrs	6 8 Deacon, 4 yrs	5 9 Lady Catty, 3 yrs
7 6 T w i n o t h e	6 8 Saira, 3 yrs	5 7 Midsummer, 3 yrs
7 6 Plaiden, 5 yrs	6 6 f. by Knowsley-Hab-at-the-Howster, 3 yrs	5 7 Bonny Betty, 3 y
7 6 Paramatta, 6 yrs	6 6 Katherine, 3 yrs	5 7 Caress, 3 yrs
7 4 Chevon, 4 yrs	6 5 King of Spades, 4 yrs	5 7 Camera, 3 yrs
7 4 Merry Thought, 4 yrs		5 7 Kellex, 3 yrs
7 1 Suffolk Lad, 6 yrs		5 7 Bancks, 3 yrs

STUD NEWS.

*• Stud News intended to be inserted in the current week's number should reach us not later than Thursday morning.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), CORHAM.—March 4, Lord Falmouth's Silverhair, a filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Blair Athol; The Stud Company's Reginella, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to Blair Athol; March 5, Lord Falmouth's Lady Coventry, a colt by Macaroni, and will be put to Blair Athol; March 6, Her Majesty's Wimmera, a colt by Winslow, and will be put to Blue Gown. Arrived to Blue Gown: February 28, Lord Lovelace's Lady Louisa; March 2, Major Carlyon's Amethyst. Arrived to Wild Oats: February 28, Lord Lovelace's Benares.

WOODLAND'S STUD.—Arrived to Argyle: Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Blair Athol mare, and mare (dam of Merry Lass) by Russborough; Mr. R. Harrison's Magic by Warlock; Mr. C. W. C. Henderson's Countess. Arrived to Macgregor: Lord Aberdour's Slander by Knight of Kars, out of Saccaromac's dam; Mr. Somerset's Lord Clifden mare, Fascination by Wild Dayrell, Knavery by Lord Clifden, Curtain Lecture by the Cure.

FINSTALL PARK STUD FARM.—On February 7th, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Vicar's Daughter, a bay colt, by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; on 20th, Savoir Vivre, a brown colt, by Paul Jones, and will be put to him again; on February 10th, Mr. Ed. Etches's Celt-bay, a bay filly, by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Cardinal York; on 22 d, Duke of Westminster's Flippant, a chestnut colt, by Doncaster, and will be put to Pellegrino; on February 28th, Mr. Thos. Gee's Repulse, a bay colt, by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Paul Jones: Miss Strangway's Wild Flower by Wild Dayrell. To Cardinal York: Mr. Gee's Repulse.

Mr. PREDIE's address is 2, Place Frédéric Sauvage, Boulogne sur-Mer.—[Adv't].



Good-bye Hank



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY



*Grand reappearance
at the F.R.
Marlborough Street*

*"NEER DO-WEEL"
Olympic*

FEBRUARY

*" — came cold February sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride
Drawn by two Fishes for the Season sitting,
yet had he by his side
HIS TOOLS — " Spenser.*



*"What will he do with
it?"*

*BY
JURY*



Au revoir !!

*Gretchen
Boyle
1878*

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THERE is, on a terrace overlooking the Thames, not far from Charing-cross, a club which some time ago developed itself out of the well-meaning réunions of a few young artists and their friends. I believe it first became a club in the studio of the gentleman who is now president. The mutual admiration budded and blossomed, and was well nourished by additions to the band of worshippers, who called themselves by the mysterious title of "Whobody." Presently the institution became too large for the mere management of men inexperienced in business, so a bargain was struck with a gentleman of refined tastes, who had much admiration for Crichton (after whose memory the club had been christened), and whom he fondly and innocently alluded to as "the Admiral." This gentleman soon found means to increase the number of members. Having elected himself a member of committee, he could, of course, counsel less practical members of that body regarding the smothering of nasty pride in the matter of election. In this he has been most successful, the list of members now numbering, I believe, over 700—indeed, I only know of one gentleman who has had the honour and distinction of being blackballed—and he was, after all, only one of the proprietors of the principal art ma-



gazine we have. What I most particularly wish to mention regarding the "Whobodies" is their inordinate love of "mumming," which passion, of course, is the essential ingredient of amateurishness. They give fancy dress balls amongst themselves; also imitations of actors, recitations, singing, and the usual code of penny reading origin at their club. This is all very well when kept within limits, but one day last week a select few of these enthusiasts availed themselves of the opportunity of a performance at the Globe Theatre in aid of the Turkish Sick and Wounded Fund to do a little bit of buffoonery in public. They turned up at the theatre in Turkish costume, and occupied a prominent position in the audience. Of course, to those who having discovered that the distinguished visitors were only made up for the occasion, and dismissed the matter as the freak of a few silly young men, the circumstance would not be of the slightest consequence; but there is a large section of the public who, discovering the trick, would at once vote the charitable object of the entertainment, and even the fund in consideration, as part of the fraud enacted by these bogus Turks. Altogether, I think it was a poor sort of practical joke, and that Mr. Williams, of the Crichton Club, ought to respect the memory of "The Admiral" more, and keep his young men within bounds. I was not present at the performance in question, I am happy to say, and can therefore say nothing of Mr. H. Tree Beerbohm's



acting. I have, however, the pleasure of presenting my readers with a fancy portrait of the gentleman. For the last week I have been drifting about strangely amongst amateurs. Mr. Robert W. Hall, Vice-President of the Alexandra Dramatic Club, invited me to witness the fancy dress ball of the club; it was held at the St. James's Hall, where about two hundred were gathered together, admirably made up as a rule, but most exceptional to the rule were some four or five males in a nondescript uniform waver-



ing between the dress of a postman and that of a commissionaire. If they meant to be humorous they failed; and having failed made themselves generally unpleasant. I was amused at the aptness of a gentleman who, being rather slight in figure, hit upon the costume of Henry VIII. as a fitting make-up. The ladies were very charming. I noticed one pretty fair-haired Greek; and amongst the many Lady Teazles a vivacious little body was pointed out to me as a very successful amateur actress, by name Miss Kate



Carlyon. I came to the conclusion that if she could act as well on the stage as off she ought no longer to be an amateur. I had an opportunity of seeing Miss Kate Carlyon play Lillian Vavasour in *New Men and Old Acres*. It was a performance given by "The Thespians" in aid of the Warehousemen's and Clerks' Schools. She played with great vivacity and grace, but was sadly hampered by some of the other performers, especially the men. I confess I did not wait for the whole of the entertainment, as I was anxious to see Zazel again. She is very much improved by the change in the colour of her costume. I was very much distressed at the conduct of some of the prevalent audience obstructionists. When Farini put the now celebrated query, "Awrr yeow rady?" a group of cads commenced howling and hooting to such an extent that poor little Zazel had to twice abandon her position at the cannon's mouth. Mr. Labouchere some weeks ago in *Truth* commended the remarks I made on these disturbers of theatrical peace. I hope he will use his influence to stamp them out at the Aquarium, where I believe they constantly interrupt Farini's remarks, and endanger the life of the courageous little lady that takes the daring flights for their entertainment.

We understand that the stewards of the Grand National Hunt Committee, at their meeting on Monday, expressed no opinion with regard to the owners of Abel Miss and St. Bees, but confined themselves to suspending Daniels and Hales from riding for the remainder of the season. Mr. J. Johnson and Mr. Poole were the owners of the two animals said to have been suspiciously ridden at the late Bromley Meeting.

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One of Our Boys - H. J. BYRON.
The King of the Lutes and the Fads;
and the Princesses who could not whistle - GODFREY TURNER.
Toper-graphical Errors - T. F. DILLON CROKER.
How to Manage a certain Parasite - JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.
The Village Grog Shop - F. H. S.
What Happened last Friday - E. L. BLANCHARD.
The Amateur Pantomime at the Gaiety - B.
The Monagusque War Crisis - JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.
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THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

The second day's shooting for the Brighton Accumulative Stakes took place on Saturday at Preston, when Captain Vaughan won with one of Grant's central fires. Nine members shot off some £1 sweepstakes, at three birds each, the chief winners being Mr. Pelham, Captain Sydney, Captain Vaughan, Mr. Woodman, Mr. Applewhaite, Mr. G. Beard, and Mr. Edmonds.

GUN CLUB, NOTTING HILL.

THERE was a large attendance at the club grounds on Saturday afternoon, when the principal event decided was a 28 yards sweepstakes of three sovs. each, at seven pigeons each, those missing two to retire. Sixteen gentlemen contended, and a tie was declared between Mr. H. J. D. Dugmore, Mr. Queensgate, and Mr. Wallace, each having killed seven. On shooting off the ties the last-named member won £38, by killing eight in succession. The other two having missed their eighth bird, had next to shoot off for the second prize (£10), which was secured by Mr. Queensgate, who killed nine out of 10, Mr. Dugmore scoring eight out of a similar number. The remaining competitors were Captain Shelley, Mr. James, Mr. Charles Kerr, Mr. Henry Rae-Reid, and Mr. T. G. Freke, who killed five each out of six; Mr. George four out of six; Captain W. Forester Leighton, Mr. Harrington Hudson, Mr. W. F. Gambier, and Mr. E. B. Darvall one each out of three; and Mr. Henry, Mr. F. G. Hobson, and Captain Gordon Hughes missed their first two pigeons. Six sweepstakes, all at 28 yards, at three birds each, were also shot off during the afternoon, the first, with 11 subscribers, being divided between Mr. Harrington Hudson and Mr. Queensgate; the second, with 14 entries, was equally shared between the last-named gentleman and M. W. F. Gambier, after scoring five each, and defeating in the ties Mr. Dugmore, Mr. James, Mr. T. G. Freke, and Mr. Wallace; the third, with 15 competitors, was won by Mr. Henry, shooting eight, defeating Mr. Wallace in the

ties; the fourth, with 14 shooters, was carried off by Mr. Dugmore, who was the only one that killed three; and the fifth, with 12 entries, was divided between Mr. Queensgate and Mr. Wallace, after killing three each. The last sweepstakes, with eight subscribers, was won by Captain Shelley bringing down six, and beating Mr. Wallace and Mr. E. B. Darvall in the ties.

THE *Baillie* of the 6th instant contains an excellent portrait and appreciative notice of Barry Sullivan. From the latter we extract the following remarks on an early phase in the eminent tragedian's career:—"One of the places where he was earliest entrusted with the charge of 'responsible business' was Paisley. At that time, now a good deal over thirty years ago, the drama flourished in 'the suburb' to an extent it has never done since. From Paisley Sullivan went to Manchester, then to Edinburgh, and then, having gained some experience of theatres and theatre-folk, he made a bold stroke for a fortune by settling down as manager in Aberdeen. Managership, however, did not pay. He hung on in the granite city for two or three seasons, and then returned to the 'boards.' A round of provincial engagements, one of which was performed in Glasgow, followed, and at their close he was enabled to fulfil one of the dearest aims of an actor's existence by appearing at the Haymarket as Hamlet. This was in 1852, and Sullivan, who was born in 1824, was then in his 28th year. He does not seem, however, to have made any great hit, since shortly afterwards we again find him in the provinces. His first big success, indeed, took place in Liverpool. Appearing about 1857 at the Amphitheatre there, under the management of Mr. W. R. Copeland, he fairly took the town by storm. The Liverpudlians 'rose at him.' There never had been such enthusiasm before in the bustling Mersey port. After his triumph Mr. Sullivan had matters pretty much his own way, in the country at least. Wherever he went he was recognised as a member of the great brotherhood of actors—one of the race of Cooke, and Kean, and Kemble, and Charles Young."

STUD HORSES.

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CATERER, at 25 guineas.
All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares at 25s. per week; barren mares at 20s. per week.
Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

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CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence by Gameboy.—Limited to Thirty Mares, at 40 Guineas each.
PELLEGRINO by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni.—Limited to Ten approved Foaling Mares, at 25 Guineas each.
PAUL JONES by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies by Chanticleer, her dam Rambling Katie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone.—At 20 Guineas a Mare.
Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.
Apply to STUD GROOM, as above.

AT BAUMBER PARK, NEAR HORNCASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, a few mares at 15gs, groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.
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Apply to MR. SHARPE, as above.

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CYMBAL, by Kettledrum out of Nelly Hill, will cover thirty mares including his own's, at 25 guineas each, and 1 guinea to the groom. Cymbal has covered in France several seasons, and among the first of his get is Plaisante, while his two-year-old winners in France and England comprise, Phenix, Porcelaine, Silence, Ma Cherie, Charbonnette, Maroc II., and Opoponax.
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KING LUD will serve a limited number of approved mares at 30 guineas each. MOROCCO.—At 2 guineas.
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FOR THE SEASON 1878.

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KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK; the only horse alive except King Tom out of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell.—At 20 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.
COCK OF THE WALK; the only Chanticleer horse at the Stud.—At 10 Guineas, and 10 Shillings the Groom.

RUPERT, a roan horse with black mane, tail, and legs, 16½ hands high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam; Knowsley by Stockwell out of General Peel's dam.—At 10 Guineas, Half-bred Mares at 5 Guineas, *bond fide* Farmers' Mares at 2 Guineas.
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KNIGHT OF THE GARTER—At 40 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.
LORD LYON—At 50 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.
SPECULUM—At 50 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.
THUNDER—At 20 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.—(Subscription full.)
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Apply, WILLIAM LLOYD, Stud Groom.

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VEDETTE (sire of Galopin).—A limited number of Mares, besides his owner's at 25 Guineas, and one Guinea the Groom.

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PLUMPTON OPEN COURSEING MEETING will take place at Mr. Case's, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1878, to Course 14th March, and following days, when the following Stakes will be run for, under the National Courseing Rules:—The GREAT SOUTHERN CUP for 64 All-aged Greyhounds, Dogs and Bitches, at £12 10s. each, p.p. Winner, £250; second, £100; third and fourth, £25 each; fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, £15 each; eight winners of two courses, £10 each; sixteen winners of one course, £5 each; £180 deducted for Purse and Plate; total £800. On the same principle as the Great Waterloo Cup. Ten per cent. will be deducted for expenses. The Draw will take place at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on the 13th March, at Three o'clock. Hon. Sec.: Mr. H. F. STOCKEN, 67, London Road, Brighton. To whom all applications for Nominations are to be made. Nominations granted in order of application, an early application for which is requested, accompanied with a cheque for the amount of entry. Other Stakes will be made up after the First Day's Running. There are only a few Vacancies.

WARWICK SPRING RACES.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, April 11 and 12. Two days following Northampton. The following close and name on TUESDAY next MARCH 12th, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London. FIRST DAY. WILLOUGHBY WELTER HANDICAP 10 sovs each for starters; entrance 5 sovs. One mile. LEAMINGTON HURDLE HANDICAP 2 miles; 100 added. COVENTRY STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 100 sovs; 2 miles. Entrance 3 sovs. SECOND DAY. WARWICKSHIRE HANDICAP 15 sovs each, 5 ft; entrance 5 sovs. 1 mile and a quarter. GUY WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs; five furlongs. Entrance 3 sovs. WARWICK SPRING STEEPLECHASE 15 sovs each, 5 ft; 200 added; entrance 3 sovs. 3 miles. Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Clerk of the Course.

PACKINGTON AND NORTH WARWICKSHIRE STEEPLECHASES AND HURDLE RACES, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2 and 3, 1878. The Course is situated one mile and a half from Hampton Station, on the London and North Western Railway, and by road about ten miles from Birmingham, and six miles from Coventry.

The following close and name on TUESDAY next, MARCH 12th, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London.

FIRST DAY. MERIDEN STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 60 sovs (handicap.) About two miles. Entrance 3 sovs, to go to the fund. THE DIDDINGTON OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE CUP of 5 sovs each for starters, with a Cup value £50, given by the Earl of Aylesford, for hunters duly qualified under the Grand National Hunt Rules, 12st each. A winner of a steeplechase value 50 sovs 5lbs; of 100 sovs 10lb; twice of 100 sovs or 200 sovs 28lbs extra. Those who have never won a steeplechase value 20 sovs allowed 14lbs; no restriction as to riders. About three miles. Entrance one sov to the fund. THE GREAT MIDLAND COUNTIES HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each for starters, with 100 sovs added, for bona-fide hunters; that have never won up to the time of entry any hunters' hurdle or hunters' flat race, value 60 sovs, or any race under the rules of racing, value 500 sovs. Four-years, 11st 7lbs; five, 12st 11lb; six and aged, 12st 7lbs; winners after entry of any hunters' hurdle or hunters' flat race value 40 sovs to carry 5lbs; of two, or one value 100 sovs 12lbs; two of 100 sovs or one of 200 sovs 16lbs extra. Horses that have not won a hurdle or flat race of any description in 1876-7-8 allowed, if four-years old, 5lbs; five 10lbs; six or aged, 14lbs. To be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; the second horse to receive 20 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake. Entrance 3 sovs the only liability for non-starters. Two miles. HAMPTON HURDLE HANDICAP of 7 sovs each for starters, with £100 added. Entrance 3 sovs to the fund, the only liability for non-starters. About two miles over eight flights of hurdles.

SECOND DAY. THE PACKINGTON HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 15 sovs each, 5 ft with £200 added. The winner of any steeplechase after the publication of the weights, to carry 5lbs extra; or any steeplechase value 100 sovs 5lbs extra; twice of 100 sovs or once of 200 sovs 14 lbs extra. The second horse to receive £25 out of the stakes. About three miles and a half. Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Temple Chambers, New-street, Birmingham, C.C.

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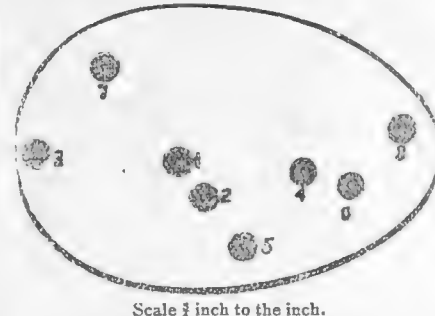
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DRAMATIC.

HALBERT.—The Fortune Playhouse was not standing in 1828, but had then
been pulled down some two or three years. It was in Golden-lane, Bar-
bican. It was burnt down in 1624 and rebuilt in 1629.

E. JONQUET.—The *Dustman's Belle* was written by Mr. Dance, and was
brought out at the Lyceum Theatre, in 1846.

ELIZA T.—Mr. George Fanner died in 1870.

N. M. E. L.—Ludwig Loewe was born in January, 1795. He died a few
years since. His first appearance was made at Vienna, in February, 1811,
at the Burg Theatre.

COMICAL CHARLEY.—The Surrey Theatre was built where it now stands
and opened for burlesque and equestrian spectacles in competition with
Mr. Astley's circus in the Westminster-road, by Mr. Hughes, one of
whose advertisements we append for your amusement and that of our
other readers:—

"British Horse Academy, Blackfriars-road, September, 1872.
This celebrated Sobieska Clementina and Mr. Hughes on horseback,
will end on Monday next, the 4th of October; until then they will display
the whole of their Performances, which are allowed, by those who know
best, to be the completest of their kind in Europe. Hughes humbly
thanks the Nobility, &c., for the Honour of their Support, and also
acquaints them his Antagonist has caught a bad cold so near to West-
minster bridge, and for his Recovery is gone to a warmer Climate, which
is Bath, in Somersetshire. He boasts, poor Fellow, no more of activity,
and is now turned conjurer, in the character of 'Sieur the Great.' There-
fore Hughes is unrivaled, and will perform his surprising feats accordingly
at his Horse Academy, until the above Day. The door to be opened at
Four o'clock, and mounts at Half-past precisely. He has a commodious
Room, eighty feet long.—N.B. Sobieska rides on one, two, and three
Horses, being the only one of her sex that ever performed on one, two, and
three."

J. L. W.—Miss Nelly Palmer, who commenced her professional career at
Manchester, played Juliet nightly for five successive weeks.

E. D.—J. P. Cooke was leader in the orchestra of the Strand Theatre in
1860.

E. (Manchester).—On the Brink was written by Miss Emma Schiff, and
was produced at the Liverpool Amphitheatre, October 23, 1875.

J. C.—Apply to Mr. French, Strand. 2. We have no means of ascertain-
ing.

SPORTING.

W. H.—There was a new race stand erected on the Epsom course, about
ten poles from the winning post, in 1829 or 30, the architect of which was
Mr. W. Trendall and the builder Mr. Chadwick.

JOSHUA.—Ibriam Pacha was at Ascot races in 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. T. B.—James I. was more than a month—from the 5th of April till the
7th of May—travelling from Edinburgh to London on the occasion of his
accession to the English crown.

M. P.—Mr. Shiel, whom Roebuck called "the most brilliant rhetorician of
the age," avowedly prepared the speeches he made in the House and
rehearsed them at home. He confessed that he acted on the principle by
which great actors, such as Kean and Macready, produced effect, viz., the

acquisition of a telling effective style of delivery and graceful elocution,
holding that the qualities necessary to good acting were also required for
speaking in the British senate. Mr. Justice Sherry, in 1856, published
the following story:—"We left London late in the afternoon in a post-
chaise, and did not reach Rochester until about one in the morning of the
day on which the meeting was held. As soon as it became dark, we
slung from the roof of the chaise a small lamp, by the light of which
Sheil read, and committed to memory, and then recited, passages from
the manuscript of his speech. Occasionally, when he came to a brilliant
passage he would pause, and exclaim to me, 'What do you think of this?'
And then, with his fine bright eyes flashing, and fixed on the lamp—which
he addressed, as if the 40,000 men of Kent, whom we met the next day at
Penenden Heath, were before him—he spoke in a tone of vehement and
beautiful declamation some well-wrought passages, with which he
expected on the morrow to electrify the electors of unconquered Kent."

CHARLES BOND.—The Turkish feast of Easter is the Bairam. It lasts
during forty days, being a season of feasting and rejoicing after the priva-
tions of Ramazan, which is the equivalent of Lent.

POOR PAINTER.—Hogarth lodged at one time over a glove-shop in St.
John-street, opposite Wilderness-row, which had then been a glove-shop
for over a century, and that lodging was the scene of the wager made by
Sam Scott, not Hogarth House at Chiswick, nor the old Elephant Tavern
in Fenchurch-street.

BUCKSTONE.—The story runs thus: Some monks wished to erect a wind-
mill near Levall, the lord of which pulled it down, on the ground that the
wind blowing over that soil belonged to him. The dispute growing
violent, was brought before the Bishop of Utrecht, who decided against
the layman on the ground that the windmill was in his diocese where the
wind was his property.

F. ARTHUR PELL.—There is an old plate which was executed by the late
George Cruikshank, called "London going out of Town, or the March of
Bricks and Mortar." It represents rows of the "jerry" built houses of
reckless speculators marching amid clouds of smoke and dust, into the
green fields, to which they are led by aggressive and triumphant groups of
nondescript figures made up of bricks, tiles, chimney pots, spades, pickaxes,
mortar-boards, etc., one bearing for banner a board on a post, inscribed
"This ground to be let on a building lease, enquire of Mr. Goth, brick-
maker, 'Bricklayers Arms,' Brick-lane, Brixton." On the right is a hay-
rick in a meadow in full retreat, and followed by rows of hay-cocks, to
whom it cries, "Come along, my little cocks, we must go farther afield." It
appeared originally with many others in a work by George Cruikshank,
called "Scraps and Sketches" (1829).

HORATIO.—Mr. Edward Ross was the first man who won the Queen's prize,
a gold medal, in 1865. He was then a private in the 7th North York
R.V. In 1865 he carried off the same prize as a private in the London
Scottish R.V. In 1864 he, as a member of the Cambridge University
Corps, won the Duke of Cambridge's prize, which he again took in 1873,
when he was in the London Scottish Corps. In 1868, and in each of the
two succeeding years, he won the Albert Prize. In 1870 the Army Rifle
Association cup was won by him, and in 1872 he carried away the Army
Rifle Wimbledon Cup. In 1866 and again in 1876 his skill was rewarded
by the possession of the Snider Wimbledon Cup and the Dudley Prize
was won by him in 1866 and 1874. Mr. Edward Ross was a private in the
London Scottish Corps from 1864 to 1877. When the present adminis-
tration succeeded to office he obtained an appointment.

E. ROSE.—1. The earliest reference to the now famous story of Dick Whit-
tington, is we believe that found in the play of *Eastward Hoe*, written about
1603. In 1612 the story as we have it was told by Johnson in his "Crown
Garland of Golden Roses." 2. In the first volume of Granger's "Bio-
graphical History of England" he describes the engraving and adds,
"The cat has been inserted, as the common people did not care to buy
the print without it; there was none, originally, in the plate, but a skull
in the place of it. I have seen only two proofs of the portrait in its first
state, and these were fine impressions." The "cat" was anciently a
vessel largely employed in the coal trade. 3. Sir Richard was buried in
the church of St. Michael-de-Paternoster, near the Tower of London.

A. V. S. M. (Belfast) sends us a poem entitled "London's Heart," dedi-
cated to Mrs. Rousby. Here is a taste of its quality:—

The scene is Winter; the hour late,
And evening's dusky form
Being swept away in night's ebony skirt,
Tells that the day is born.
A lady in her chamber sits,
Away from the madding crowd—
Where she has been sought for many years,
And heads to her wish have bowed.
The sparkling beauty of that eye,
The contour of the perfect face,
The sweetly curv'd, yet haughty lip,
The chiselled features full of grace;
All speak of love and worship blended,
Of many a sigh, and many a tear,
Of sorrowing hearts, and aching heads,
Caused by that queenly form when near.
Her silvery tones in many halls
Have thrilled the listening ear;
Her face has won the heart alike
Of peasant and of peer.
A flash from the melting sapphire eye
Would still one heart enthral;
One touch from the diamond-freighted hand
Past passion would recall.

W. L. B.—In the time of Richard I. the City Guildhall stood in Thames-
street, on or near the site of the old steel-yard.

H. M.—1. In the 16th century the officers of Sherwood Forest were the
warden, the steward, a bow bearer, and a ranger, four verderers, twelve
regarders, four agisters, and twelve keepers or foresters, under a head
keeper or chief forester. Moreover, for every township or ward within the
forest there were several woodwards, and one for every principal forest.
2. It would demand a search which might extend over a week or two.

V. W. X.—Snick-and-snee means catch and cut. It arose from an old
Dutch custom of fighting amongst boors with the knives they carried for
cutting their meat.

OLD BOY.—The last of the Pitts was the widow of Lord Grenville, who
died in July, 1864. She was born in 1772.

RAKKA.—The Household Troops of this country were so-called because
originally they were intended for the personal protection of the Sovereign.

E. DAMEL.—Charles Lee, King of the Gipsies, died August 16th, 1832.

D.—1. When Prince George of Denmark, and his sister, the Princess Anne,
deserted James for the Prince of Orange (Anne was his favourite
daughter), the King exclaimed, "God help me! my own children have
forsaken me!" 2. James landed at Kinsale on the 22nd of March, 1690.

J. The Oxford Blues—the Royal Horse Guards—got that name while
serving with William in Holland, to distinguish them from the Dutch
Guards, whose uniform was also blue.

T. P. W.—It is probably in reference to a Mr. Clarke of Croydon, who was
famous as a grower of tulips. One of the most celebrated flowers of his
rearing was named after Fanny Kemble, of whom this eccentric florist
was a great admirer; which tulip was sold for £100 in September, 1832.

J. L.—The Saxon houses were for the most part constructed of clay and
timber. Plaster was not introduced until after the Conquest, and bricks
were not used until the beginning of the fifteenth century. The building
you name was probably erected in the reign of Henry VII., certainly not
before.

OYA.—Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell was the fortunate winner at the Grand
International Pigeon Match at Monaco, which commenced on February
2, and at which the best shots of France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and
America, have met in friendly rivalry.

W. K.—Zazel is an American. We do not know her real name.

A MERE TYRO.—In our opinion—nothing.

GEORGE EVANS.—The word Warren was anciently used to indicate
a franchise, or place privileged either by prescription or grant
from the King to keep beasts or fowls of warren in. The term is
now usually applied to ground set aside for rabbits to run
wild in. Properly speaking, it is a coppie which is cut at regular
intervals of ten or more years, set aside for the hare, the coney, pheasants,
and partridges.

M. TASKER.—Yes, it is said that Mrs. Lionel Tennyson received an Indian
shawl from Her Majesty as a wedding gift, and in joining the cry which
has arisen, "What! another Indian shawl!" you in common with the
rest, forget, or perhaps have never heard, that the Queen has so many
Indian shawls at her disposal in consequence of one of the Indian
sovereigns being obliged by a treaty made by Gholat Ling with the
Indian Government to send Her Majesty four shawls a year.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

A WEEK or two since we drew attention to the Cleveland
Society's Agricultural Show, then about to be held at
Guisborough, and which has since been celebrated under
unusually successful auspices at that place. Our talk on
that occasion was on stallions best suited to improve the
breed of horses in the district, but there were other most
important "exhibits" at Guisborough, namely, draught

sires, a feature recently introduced, and, as we are glad
to learn, with the happiest results. No less than eleven
entries were made for competition in this class; and we
are informed that the judges were much pleased with the
very creditable show made on this, the first time of asking.
The prize was taken by "Clydesdale Champion," and it
was agreed that he was a representative in every way
qualified to travel the Cleveland district, being well built,
young, active, and of unquestionable soundness. The
breeding of hunters, hacks, and roadsters—in fact, of any
varieties of the equine family barring the thoroughbred—
must be put down as a desultory business, and in too
many cases a chance operation; if we look at the method
of producing them. And if this is true of what we may
term the "light brigade," with how much greater a degree
of truth may it be asserted of the hairy-heeled "heavies,"
for a supply of which the agriculturist looks to aid him in
his labours, and which will never become obsolete nor fall
into disuse, be the powers of steam and other machinery
never so ably perfected. Farmers will bear us out in our
assertion that the breeding of cart-horses has not even
yet been reduced to a system, much less to a science; and
that year by year we have to rely more and more upon
foreign importations for the supply which we should be
able to furnish from home resources if only we were con-
tent to proceed in the way which has been more frequently
pointed out than followed. We are far from saying that
we could all at once dispense with Flemish, French, and
other horses calculated to recruit our regular forces at
home, but it might be dangerous to reckon too much upon
a constant supply of this most necessary article, and we
would therefore advocate the resumption by farmers and
others of breeding cart-horses to the extent it was formerly
carried out, before they become careless of this important
branch of agriculture, owing to the facilities afforded them
of procuring supplies from external sources. Although
most varieties of horseflesh have lately become, in
dealers' argot, "a trifle easier," the slight fall in
prices must be reckoned as only due to temporary
causes, experience having shown that a permanent
recoil in the value of any article pushed up by
genuine demand does not often take place. At this
present time various causes are operating to lessen the
value of horses in the market, but among the varieties
which have stood their ground steadily and have not ex-
perienced a "backwardation," cart-horses may be reckoned,
as farmers and others know to their cost, and these are
likely to maintain their present high rates so long as breeding
in this country languishes as at present. And yet there is no
reason whatever why the breeding on a large scale of cart-
horses should not pay the promoters of such a scheme
remarkably well, provided that it be carried out with judg-
ment, and not on the chance principles which at present
appear to govern the production of everything but the blood
horses. The prime cost of stock, and keep for the same, must
of course be leading considerations in this as in all other
branches of breeding; but several very obvious reasons
exist why draught horses might be reared and sold at, at
least, a more certain profit than the hunter, the hack, or
the roadster. As we have said before, there is much of a
"fluke" about these latter turning out suitable for the
purposes for which they were bred: an element of uncer-
tainty which does not prevail in the case of breeding cart-
horses, where the chance of like producing like is at least
as great as with the racer. A good draught sire and eli-
gible mare are well within the reach of many a yeoman,
and the formation of a stud is unattended with that lavish
expenditure of capital necessary to collect Belgravian or
mothers of high degree, and to form suitable alliances for
the same year by year. The breeder of draught horses,
moreover, possesses other advantages in his favour, which
should continue to make his calling a profitable one. He
is under no necessity of breeding from old mares worn out
with work (to which many of our miscellaneous breeds
owe their origin), and he can get a fair share of work out
of the nursing mothers while carrying light burdens and
during the continuance of suckling cares. We would
advocate the purchase of healthy, well-shaped, two-year-
old cart fillies, which could be broken and put into light
work almost immediately, and these, as soon as they attain
their full growth, should be put to the horse, and worked
up to within a short time of foaling, the date of which
could (having regard to certain other contingencies) be so
arranged as to get the maximum of work out of the mares
at those seasons of the year when it was most needed, which
must of course differ according to the varieties of farming
in vogue upon the land occupied for stud purposes. Systems
of this kind do, we believe, exist, though not on the scale
we would recommend; but we can see no obstacle to
operations being carried out almost to any extent, so long
as the labour of the animals forming the stud could be set
off against their keep, and the establishment be so far
self-supporting. The only idle mouths would be those of
the weanlings and yearlings, and we see no reason
why a price per head of from £65 to £85 for the two-year-
olds should not pay their owners handsomely, seeing that
a somewhat extensive system of farming must be adopted
to find work for the stud, the labours of which would of
course be partly directed towards the production of food
suitable for the "rising generation."

The practice we have been advocating implies the ne-
cessity of keeping one or more draught stallions, so that
their owners can afford to be independent of those too
often mis-shapen and unsound propagators of their species
which travel the district at a fee commensurate with their
worthlessness. But it is obvious that the system pursued
by the men of Cleveland is the right one, for not only can
breeders be sure that the selected is properly qualified in
every way for the object of his mission, but they likewise
have the chance of procuring an excellent article at a
very low figure, which the owner of the prize winner can
afford to take, having been recouped a good share of the
expense by the money-prize which is handed to him before
the horse commences to "go circuit." In parts of Ireland
we feel assured that the breeding of cart-horses would
pay far better than that of hunters and such-like, for not
only can they be got rid of in half the time, and at a much
more paying price, but they bear the stamp of their es-
pecial department of ability upon them, which is more than
can be said of the nondescript, which attains the age of

four years without having yet found his "place" in the scale of usefulness, and may after all turn out neither a clever hunter, a pleasant roadster, nor a safe hack. Risks of unsoundness, too, are lessened as we descend from the fast but delicate thoroughbred through the various gradations of horseflesh until we arrive at the slow but hardy "Blossom" or "Dobbin," which the jolly waggoner or whistling ploughboy tends with such careful pride; and this is no small consideration when we consider the numbers of "middle-class" horses which become unmarketable from one of many causes affecting the soundness of wind and limb. We hope to see the Cleveland example speedily followed, both as regards thoroughbred and draught sires, for nothing but good can possibly result from such a patriotic movement.

CABINET PORTRAITS.

No. 1.—MRS. BANCROFT.

TURNING over a dusty file of newspapers the other day I chanced upon half-a-dozen lines of unqualified praise of Marie Wilton. The date of that particular newspaper is immaterial. Suffice it that the print was one which then moved briskly in the most respectable ranks of reading society, and owned for its dramatic critic a writer (now, possibly, exchanging notes with the "joyous" of once embodied spirits upon casual sands of "Aver-nus") of marked independence and unusual ability. He said—I pretend not to repeat his exact words—there are many of Marie Wilton's admirers who believe that she could play anything—if she tried. She was then at the Strand Theatre. Her second apprenticeship was approaching its termination. She had "passed," with all possible honours, a long and arduous provincial examination; had become, chiefly in respect of her portrayal of pert Misses in the very lightest of light comedy, and enchantingly naughty boys in burlesque, an established London favourite. Everything she enacted was done with such freshness and spirit that "wrinkled care" fled at her approach. She was, in fine, the comely embodiment of pure fun; the tricky incarnation of joyous humour.

So I am told, I knew her not in those days, save in the slightest way. There lingers in my memory the faint remnant of a merry "Strand" picture, in which she and inimitable James Rogers took part, and that is all.

I first learned to kneel at the feet of Marie Wilton in Tottenham-street, Tottenham-court-road, thirteen years ago. I was gravely introduced to a dingy portico, at the dingiest extremity of which is the pit door of the theatre, by a dweller in Euston-road, who declared, with a seemingly offensive vehemence, that "that was the house for acting." In those days the pit was eighteenpence, and the bill twopence. The occupants of the pit were for the most part native and to the manner born, and a very pleasant manner it appeared when you had recovered your shape and temper after the outrages inflicted on both at the narrowest of narrow doors; a manner that was not altogether unmixed with lemonade, ale, and bottled stout, which potables were dispensed with mighty circumspection and despatch by an Eleanor Gwynne of matronly aspect, who, very properly, also vended oranges. Beyond the barrier which separated—say Euston-road from Tyburnia—I beheld wave upon wave of that useful article of domestic furniture, the British Anti-Macassar. Beyond that sea of wool was the orchestra—which was visible—and an act drop. I quite forget whether the picture on the canvass reminded me of David Roberts or Beverley. In those delightful days the toe of the eighteenpenny peasant came precious near the heel of the seven-and-sixpenny courtier; yet his kibe was galled not. In these days the gulf which separates the two classes of playgoers is wider. Then the pit was a pit; now there is more name than local habitation about it.

"Go in there if you want to see acting." I enter. The play is *Society*. Marie Wilton is the Maud Hetherington. From the moment I see and hear her speak I am her slave.

I had just previously seen two female stars of the first magnitude, and had not fallen down in adoration, the commands of the critics notwithstanding.

Suffer me, with becoming reverence to, as it were, take my sitter to pieces. There have been scores of finer women on the stage, from Sarah the Great to Helen, the last of the *haute école*, or else line and stipple and mezzotint lie most wickedly. But, what then? Eyes, mouth, voice, hands, and lithe little figure are in this, my sitter, at the bidding of a genius the like of which has seldom been vouchsafed to even the loftiest histrionic queens of our times. Listen to Mrs. Bancroft's laugh. Did you ever hear anything like it for freshness and mirthful contagion? Follow with care, as a blind listener would, the inflections of the sympathetically melodious voice when, with no apparent effort, she expresses the points of a passage of burlesque rhyme. It is the delicatest elocutionary art. The repartee set down for her by the author appears to leave her lips as though she had coined it. The crowning excellence of her art is its naturalness, and so supreme is this that we are apt to lose sight of those innumerable minute touches by which her strongest effects are produced. True as this is of her lighter moods, it is especially true of her pathetic. There were passages of expression in her Peg Woffington and Lady Teazle that were full of tears.

It is amusing and at the same time aggravating to listen to those critics who, basing their theories on a strictly material foundation, deny Mrs. Bancroft's right to undertake such parts as Lady Teazle. "She is not tall enough for a Lady Teazle, sir. Don't talk to me!" Bigness is not necessarily greatness, it may be remarked. Why may not the real Lady Macbeth have been a little woman? Is there anything in Sheridan's description of Sir Peter's infatuation that can be twisted into a statement of the stature of his fascinating country lass? One makes no account of

inches when one endeavours to measure genius. Mrs. Bancroft is as truly great an actress as Meissonier is a great painter. She would be no greater an actress if she were six feet high and possessed a voice to match—he would not add a cubit to his artistic stature by forswearing inches of panel in favour of miles of canvass.

Fair befall this brilliant little lady! When I recal the pleasant hours I have spent at the Prince of Wales's, there pass in smiling or tearful guise the creations of her histrionic genius, and I drop into a sort of old foggy mood and wonder if I shall ever see the like again of Polly Eccles, Naomi Tighe, Lady Teazle, Mistress Woffington and the rest of the charming gallery? Is it not well for the English stage that such pictures have been created? I cheerfully admit that my Peg Woffington or Lady Teazle may not be yours; but never mind, you will grant to mine the possession of charms which are peculiarly her own. Recal one instance of her skill. Is there a woman on the stage who could read that letter from Jack Poyntz (in *School*) as she reads it? I doubt it.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not painting the portrait of perfection. I have noticed of late on the part of Mrs. Bancroft a striving after altogether unnecessary finish. A recurrence to the exuberance of the days when she with Miss Larkin and Mr. Hare (in female attire) played in burlesque, is perhaps undesirable, but the heartiness and "go" of a Polly Eccles are qualities that might with advantage have been grafted on one or two more recent creations. Mrs. Bancroft was better without those blue china accessories than she is with them.

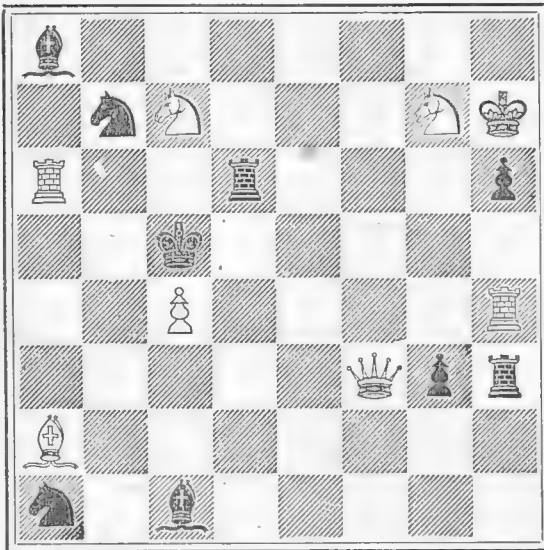
CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM NO. 179.

By T. FIZARTHUR SMYTHE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

AN off-hand and spirited skirmish, fought a few days since between two of our strongest players.

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. MacDonnell) | BLACK.
(A. Z.) | WHITE.
(Mr. MacDonnell) | BLACK.
(A. Z.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 15. R takes P | B takes Q P |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P to Q 4 | 16. P takes B | Kt takes P |
| 3. P takes Q P | P to K 5 | 17. Q takes Kt (c) | R takes Q |
| 4. R to B 4 (a) | Kt to K B 3 | 18. Kt takes R | R to Q sq |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3 | B to Q B 4 | 19. Kt to B 3 | Q to B 4 |
| 6. K Kt to K 2 | P to Q B 3 | 20. P to K R 3 (d) | Q takes R |
| 7. P takes P (b) | Kt takes P | 21. P takes B | R to Q 8 (ch) |
| 8. P to Q 3 | P to K 6 | 22. K to R 2 | P to B 4 |
| 9. Castles | Kt to K Kt 5 | 23. P takes P | P to K R 4 |
| 10. Kt to K 4 | Kt to B 7 | 24. B to K 6 | K to Kt sq |
| 11. Kt takes Kt | P takes Kt | 25. B to K 3 | Q to B 8 (e) |
| 12. K to R sq | P to K Kt 5 | 26. R takes R | Q takes R |
| 13. P to Q B 3 | Q to K 2 | 27. B to Q 4 | and after a few |
| 14. P to Q 4 | Castles Q R | | [more moves Black resigned.] |

- (a) We prefer this move to the check at Kt 5.
(b) This capture does not involve serious loss to White, but forthwith it renders the nicest care necessary on his part. P to Q 4 is probably White's best move at this juncture.
(c) Mr. MacDonnell having previously announced that he intended to sacrifice his Queen in this game, now fulfils his promise; but he might here, with perfect safety, and indeed, with a superior game, have played her Majesty to B square.
(d) Best. If Black now attempts to win a piece by Kt takes B, the R retakes, threatening to pin the Q if she takes the B.
(e) Q takes B would have given him chance of a drawn battle.

The following is one of 18 games conducted simultaneously by Mr. MacDonnell, at the City of London Club.

[Evans Gambit.]

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. MacDonnell) | BLACK.
(Mr. G. C. Heywood) | WHITE.
(Mr. MacDonnell) | BLACK.
(Mr. G. C. Heywood) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 17. B to B 4 | B to K 5 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 | 18. P to K 6 | Q to B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | B to B 4 | 19. P takes B P | Kt to B 3 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | P takes P | 20. Q to K 2 | K takes P |
| 5. P to B 3 | B to B 4 | 21. Q R to B sq | K R to K sq |
| 6. P to Q 4 | P takes P | 22. Q to Kt 2 | R to K 3 |
| 7. Castles | P takes P | 23. K R to Q sq | Q R to K sq |
| 8. Q to Kt 3 | Q to B 3 | 24. P to K R 3 | Kt to Q 4 |
| 9. P to K 5 | Q to Kt 3 | 25. B to Kt 3 | P to K Kt 4 |
| 10. Kt takes P | Kt to Q R 4 | 26. Kt to B 3 | B takes Kt |
| 11. Q to R 4 | Kt takes B | 27. P takes B | Kt to B 5 |
| 12. Q takes Kt | P to Q Kt 3 (a) | 28. Q to B 2 | Kt to K 7 (ch) |
| 13. Kt to Q 5 | B to Kt 2 | 29. K to R 2 | K to Kt sq |
| 14. Kt takes P (ch) | K to B sq | 30. Q to K B 5 | Kt takes R |
| 15. K to R 4 | Q to Q B 3 (b) | 31. Q takes P (ch) | R to Kt 3 |
| 16. Q to K Kt 4 (c) | Q takes Kt | 32. Q takes Kt | B to B sq |

- White struggled on bravely for fifteen moves more, but was then obliged to succumb to the superior, and admirably handled forces of his opponent.
(a) Bizarro as the move looks, yet is it the key-stone to a very fine, subtle, and sound combination.
(b) An excellent coup, which Black must be credited with foreseeing when he made his 12th move.
(c) Of course had White attempted to save the Kt, Black would have won his Q by B takes B P (ch.)

A TOILET GEM.—"Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Buy only the "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all chemists and perfumers. Depot 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

"HENRY V."

C OULD words be found, I then would offer thee
H eartfelt, and purely pure, my tribute be;
A mongst thy fellow men, thou'rt born to shine,
R are nature's gifts, and mighty power is thine.
L ong, long, be thy career without a break
E very success be thine without a check;
S hakespeare thy pilot, thou need'st not fear a wreck.

C ome! let us muse, "Upon the King" on him,
A nd, "by the mass, our hearts are in the trim"
L et him depart, who hath no stomach for the fight;
"V antage and forehand," we who saw the sight
E ntranced we hung upon those words of worth;
R ich in their fadeless beauty—not of earth,
T ime but enhances that which hath immortal birth.

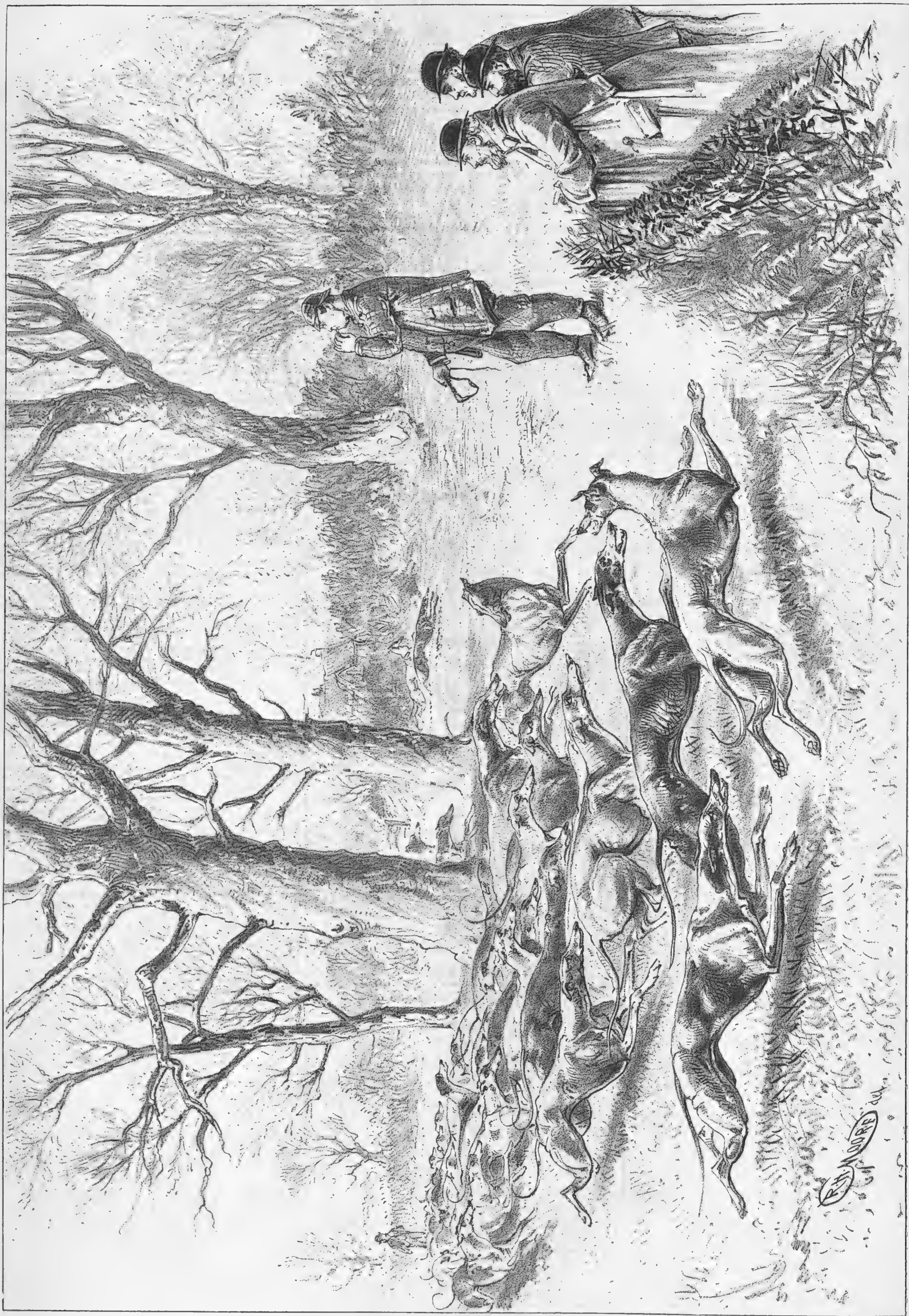
WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

HAMMOND & Co., 5, Vigo-street, W., and BOTE & BOCK, 37, Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin.—"The Golden Cross," by Ignaz Brüll; complete score for piano and voice, by the composer; English version of the text after the German of Mosenthal, by J. P. Jackson; Italian words by Dr. G. Eisner. Price 4s. net. This is a wonderfully cheap edition of the opera recently produced at the Adelphi Theatre by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The paper, engraving, and printing are good, and the price renders the work attainable by the humblest amateur. The merits of Mr. Brüll's opera have recently been much discussed, and although in some instances it has been received with disfavour, and in others with only faint praise, the balance of testimony is in its favour. A recent hearing of the work on the operatic stage enables full light to be thrown on the pianoforte score, and the score having been "thinned" by the composer himself, the prominent features of the orchestral accompaniment may be presumed to be preserved in the pianoforte arrangement now before us. We find this to be the case, and must congratulate Mr. Brüll on the skill with which he has discharged his task. The overture, which occupies the first eight pages of the book, will be found an acceptable pianoforte solo. It commences with an Adagio in E major, in which one of the tenor airs occupies prominence. Next comes an Allegro in the same key, with themes drawn from the airs of the opera, and a final Allegro Assai, also in E major, in which a close resemblance to the "Gavotte de Vestris" may be traced. The opening movement is in C, common time, and changes into A major and A flat major, finally concluding in A major. It includes a brisk choral passage for female voices, detached phrases for the contralto (Theresa), and the soprano (Christina), and a romance for the latter. "Still young, our parents dying," which, though melodious, is not remarkably original, and a lively but common-place contralto air, "Such vows never, never, speak." No. 2 is a tenor and barytone duet for Gontran and Bombardon, which is vivacious in character, but awakens reminiscences of other composers. No. 3, "What is life?" is a tenor romance, commencing in A minor and modulating into the relative major; it is graceful and pathetic, and is likely to become popular. No. 4, "Come, courage, child," is a quintett for the voices before named and the basso, Colas. It commences in D major, common time, changes into E flat 6-8 and common time, then to A flat, and finally concludes in E flat. In many instances it recalls other works, but it is not without originality, and is essentially dramatic in character, and well harmonized, especially in the A flat movement. No. 5, "Rataplan," is a lively barytone song, common-place in character. No. 6, "O see her, nearly broken-hearted," is a chorus and ensemble, which deserves much praise, especially the passage in thirds for male voices. The soprano solo, "This golden cross," is borrowed from Auber, to whom Mr. Brüll is in other instances indebted. The final movement, "Sweet good night," is remarkably effective. No. 7, "I thank thee," is the finale of the first act, and the best number in the opera. The soprano passage, "Give him this cross," is used as the theme of the opening Adagio in the overture, and is full of sentiment. The finale contains some admirably-written choral music, blended with soprano and tenor melodies previously employed, and concludes with a tuneful waltz movement. The second act is preceded by an interesting Introduction, which is followed by No. 9, "See the piping times of peace," a duet for contralto and barytone, lively but not original. No. 10, "Shall I, her simple heart compelling," is a charming tenor romance in the style of Flotow. No. 11, "She's there, see!" is a S. C. T. B. quartett, with some excellent part writing and an abundance of melody. No. 12, "Tell me, will our parting grieve thee?" is a soprano and tenor duet, which is obviously founded on the garden scene duet in Gounod's *Faust*, but is not without merit of its own. No. 13, "Three years have writ in blood," is a barytone song, military in style, but uninteresting. No. 14 is the well-written Finale of the opera. Of the manner in which the English adaptation has been executed we may speak hereafter. With certain exceptions it will be found acceptable, and it always conforms to the sentiment of the original. Mr. Brüll's work has been favourably received at the Adelphi Theatre, and Messrs. Hammond's cheap edition of the score will probably be in large demand.

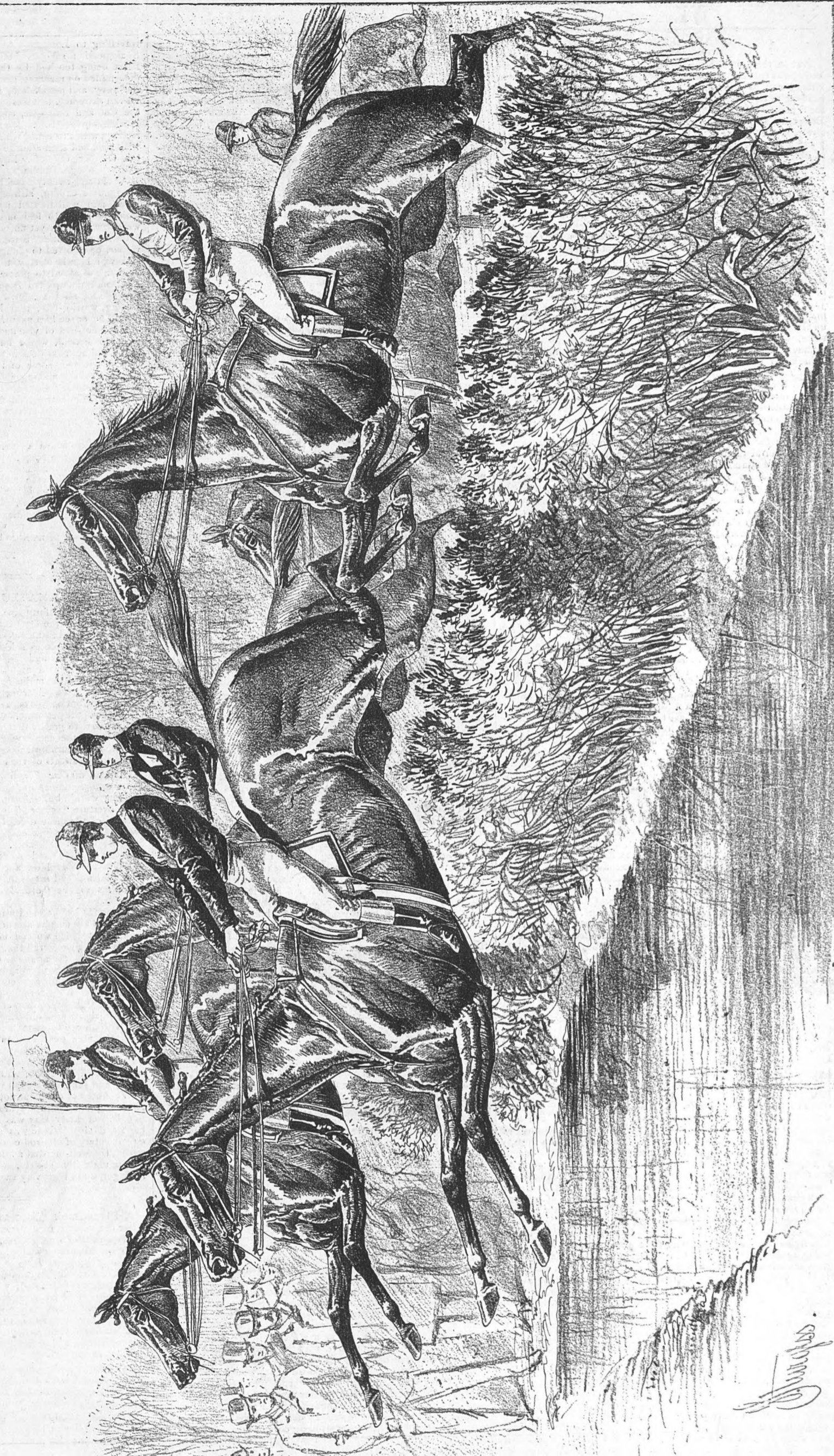
LECTURE ON SALT LAKE CITY.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, whose name has always been associated with entertainments and journalism, with occasional flights into literature, made his *début* as a public lecturer on Sunday evening last before an immense audience at Sadler's Wells Theatre, under the patronage of the organisation known as the "Sunday League." Mr. Paul's subject was "Salt Lake City and the Social Life of the Mormons," and the lecturer gave a very lively and vivid picture of the curious people of whom he treated. His account of the late Brigham Young "at home," with a description of his nineteen wives and his half-a-hundred children, was both interesting and amusing. The subject, though a delicate one, was handled in a very happy manner, and notwithstanding the notice posted all over the theatre that the audience would refrain from applause, on Mr. Paul's retirement from the platform he received a "regular round" from all parts of the house. Mr. Howard Paul's *début* was a marked success, and he should give this lecture in other places. The subject-matter was admirable, and it was delivered with ease and fluency. Over two thousand persons were present, the theatre being crowded in every part.

GREAT preparations are now being made to render Ranelagh House and grounds as perfect as possible. The club-house and stables have been thoroughly painted and cleaned, and gas laid on to all the stabling. The grounds, so well known for their pleasant situation, have been thoroughly attended to, and in the course of a short time everything will be ready to commence the season. The lease of the place has been recently purchased by a popular sportsman, well known as "the Modern Osbaldeston."



SAPLINGS IN TRAINING.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' STEEPLE CHASE AT SANDOWN PARK.—THE NEW WATER-JUMP.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

By A. H. WALL.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

(Continued from page 587.)

AFTER the battle of the Boyne, King James, as most readers know, was the first to abandon and despair of his cause. He fled straightway to Dublin, where he gave the magistrates some prudent advice; and thence to Waterford, where he took ship for France. King William having first taken possession of Drogheda, also came to Dublin, where he was received submissively, in accordance with his father-in-law's advice, and on July 7 and 8 organised some public rejoicings. Then, from his camp at Finglas, he issued a proclamation offering pardon to all those on the other side "of a lower class" who would abandon their arms and submit to his authority. But hopeless as their cause seemed, these Irish of the lower class were true men, who would not buy safety by deserting the brave leaders with whom they had fought and suffered. The offer of such a contemptible pardon had very little effect; the desperate, cruel fighting went on. Frightful excesses were committed on both sides, the Germans and Danes being foremost in deeds of licentiousness and cruelty. How Captain M'Laughlin fared therein no record exists to show. Kirkman says, "as far as the oral tradition of the times can be credited, he was distinguished not only for valour, but for a share of skill and conduct not common in the Irish part of King James's army," and he adds, "William M'Laughlin remained steadily faithful to James, and having a spirit as unwilling to sue for terms as he was unable to impose them, was persecuted, among others, with the utmost rigour." Some time after King William saw the mistake he had been induced to make, and offered pardon on terms of submission to both leaders and followers, and whereof a very large number availed themselves, to the loudly-expressed and fierce dissatisfaction of many of their fellow-countrymen of the Orange party, in whose breasts the desire of forfeitures predominated over every other principle and kindly feeling. Amongst those who, despite this more just and liberal proclamation, still clung to the fallen fortunes of the king who had abandoned them, we must conclude that Captain M'Laughlin was one, for Kirkman says: "His estate, and the estates of all his connections, were soon after confiscated, and he retired with his family into the county of Westmeath, where he lived for some years in obscurity with his wife's relations," hearing now and then, doubtless, of the fierce squabbles, the heart-burnings, the jealousies, which afterwards arose in the Irish Parliament over the question of what was to be done with the forfeited estates; and remembering with bitterness in the depths of his poverty and humiliation, that amongst them was his own. Some few years after the restoration of the turbulent peace, Captain M'Laughlin, with a view to bettering his condition, came to Dublin, where he settled with his wife and increasing family. From Dublin the boy, Charles, was taken by his father to see his grandfather at Derry, to wish him a happy new year as the head of his family, and to formally kiss his hand as one of a line of ancient Irish kings, of whom he would in his turn soon be the chief living representative. Soon after that visit of mingled affection and family state was paid, King William, the grandson of Charles I., died, in the fourteenth year of his reign, and Anne, his wife, the only surviving child of the banished king, James, reigned in his stead.

About two years after (in 1704) dull, spiritless, and heart-broken, William M'Laughlin died, leaving his widow to collect her few small effects and remove to cheaper lodgings in Barrack-street, Dublin. Kirkman says, then "she had no resources; all who owed protection or aid to her or her children were buried in one common ruin with herself."

Amongst those who fought on the other side, against King James, and with King William, at the Battle of the Boyne, was a worthy Irish farmer, named Luke O'Meally. Seeing the unfortunate widow struggling in poverty's misery and degradation, fighting bravely for her little ones, and enduring as patiently for them as she had endured heroically for her husband, he pitied, admired, loved, and presently—in 1707—married her. He made an excellent husband, a kindly indulgent, although hot-tempered step-father; and when, soon after, he took a famous old "Orange" tavern—the Eagle, in Werburgh-street, Dublin—he also made a capital landlord, whom the military upholders of King William took delight in patronising.

Mrs. O'Meally, being anxious that her son Charles should not be brought up in daily contact with tavern society, and, moreover, that his creed in manhood should be the old one for which his father had fought, suffered, and, we may add, died, and that to which she still adhered, sent him away to a boarding-school in the suburban village of Island Bridge, kept by one Nicholson, a Scotchman. This stern old pedagogue's reign was one of terror, and there was nothing in the world he was so proud of as the servile submissiveness and abject fear with which he was regarded by his pupils generally, and which he received, or thought others received, as the outer signs of intense respect and profound reverence properly due to his great learning and ability.

Now Charles M'Laughlin was a frank, fearless, daring little fellow, who cared nothing for, and knew nothing of learning. One of his uncles in Ulster, a Roman Catholic priest, had undertaken his education previously, but neglected it, and allowed the boy to run wild and make himself conspicuous by the daring way in which he took to robbing his neighbours' orchards. So he came to Nicholson as a fearless, ill-bred young cub, whose large dark eyes looked the schoolmaster boldly in the face, and who spoke out plainly the thought that chanced to be uppermost in his mind. Mr. Nicholson, of course, took a strong dislike to such a child. So then and there commenced a terrible battle, which lasted for years, wherein brute strength, spite, and devilish cruelty on the man's side were pitted against bravery, endurance, obstinacy, and physical weakness on the child's side. Under such circumstances cruelty never yet won, as all sorts of martyrs for all kinds of causes will testify. Over and over again Nicholson begged that this incorrigible young rascal Charles, whom he surmised "a Mulluchth" (the wicked), might be taken away. The fight, from which at first he took a savage gratification, was going against him, and he had got enough of it. But in those days schools worthy the name were extremely scarce, and Mrs. O'Meally begged so earnestly that her wild Irish boy might not be sent away, and by appealing to her son's always sensitive feelings and affections, she induced him, reluctantly, to make promises, on the strength of which Mr. Nicholson consented to try once more what he could do with him. But he was soon obliged to abandon the attempt.

In the Memoirs of Macready, to which I have before referred, it is said that at nineteen Macklin was unable to read. This is a mistake into which the late Dr. Doran also fell, though he rarely erred. But Macklin certainly made little progress at school. He was chiefly occupied there in deservingly receiving, and enduring various cruel kinds of punishment, but he made great advances in some directions. As a pugilist there was not a boy in the school who dared tackle him; as a cudgel player he was without a rival; and when he was an old man his great boyish feats as a swimmer were still talked of in the tavern parlours of Dublin by venerable, white-headed, older men, who had seen him as a young man leaping from ships' masts, or from the old bridge over the Liffey.

Macklin retained so vivid a recollection of his Scotch school-

master, and the treatment he received from him, that nearly a hundred years after he first went to Island Bridge Academy the mere sight of a Scotchman was unpleasant to him, and he could not avoid expressing his unconquerable repugnance to such a being. It became a green-room joke, always fruitful of fun, but it was once no joke to poor little Charley M'Laughlin.

Amongst the intimate friends of Mrs. Nicholson was Mrs. Pilkington, a lady with a strong taste for poetry and theatricals. She greatly admired the tall, slim figure and expressive dark eyes of Charley a Mulluchth; she sympathised with and deeply pitied him; and she often pleaded for him with the stony-hearted Scotchman, saying she was sure he had good feeling, with lofty abilities, and would become not only a great, but a good man. In the year 1703, with the permission of Nicholson, the school-boys got up a dramatic entertainment. The play was *The Orphan*; and Mrs. Pilkington suggested that the female part, Monimia, should be played by this good-looking, good-for-nothing pet of hers, whose arch-humour, wit, and love of fun and mischief she thought so delightful. Macklin accordingly played the part—studying it under the instructions of Mrs. Pilkington—and on the day of the performance achieved a startling success. That event was a pregnant one. It gave birth to Macklin's earliest histrionic aspirations, and awakened an ambition which was never to sleep again. Through all the coming years of disgrace, misery, and desperate struggling, Macklin was never known to speak of Mrs. Pilkington but with expressions of grateful emotion and profound esteem.

But the first fruits of this newly-awakened passion for the stage were evil. On leaving school the youth was mad to see the great London actors whose fame was so glorious in his eyes. The son of a Dublin corn-factor, older than himself, suggested running away from home. Another lad, the son of a Dublin apothecary, promised to join them. Macklin robbed his darling mother of a few pounds, which she could ill spare, and the three ran away. After sundry adventures on the road, they reached London, saw the great actors, and having soon spent all their money were mocked and laughed at when they sought work. Who would employ wild young Irishmen, with such a perfectly unintelligible brogue? The corn-factor's miserable son, in his desperation, took to highway robbery, and was soon after hanged at Tyburn. The poor apothecary's son enlisted, and went abroad. M'Laughlin was too proud of his ancestry to disgrace it by crime, too proud to enter the army as a common soldier, and to beg he was ashamed. So he wandered about homeless and starving, until by happy chance he met in Southwark a poor little drudge of an Irish serving-wench, who had once been in the employment of his mother. She knew him directly, accosted him, wept over the sadness of his story, bought him some food, and afterwards procured him a cheap lodging at a public-house in the Borough, which had long been frequented, as it might have been before the days of Shakspeare, by strolling mummers and "drolls," who exhibited conjuring tricks, tumbling, performing animals, "pantomimes," &c. Macklin could soon sing, dance, spout, and play the "droll" with the best of them. He became a great attraction, and brought so much custom to the inn, that his landlady, setting aside her prejudices against his country and his youth, together with her regard for other people's opinions, the reproaches of friends, and the jeers of neighbours, resolved to marry him. A kind of Fleet marriage took place, and all Southwark made free and merry with the widow's union to a wild young Irish boy, fresh from his emerald isle. Then the old servant, grieving over the evil courses her former young master had fallen into, forwarded an account of his doings to the poor heart-broken mother in Dublin, who sent immediately to a relative in London, who was "a Spanish merchant." He, armed with the proper affidavits, duly authenticated by the seal of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, made a formal demand for the person of an "infant" in law, one Charles M'Laughlin, at the aforesaid inn in the Borough. It required the direst of legal threats to induce the woman to give up her boy-husband. She scolded, she wept, she entreated, she defied. His departure would ruin her business and break her heart; she would not, she could not, she must not give him up. So she hid him, and said he had run away. It was all in vain, however, and Charles was sent home to his delighted mother, who clung to him in a transport of affection, without uttering a single reproach for all he had made her suffer in his absence. Between hysterical bursts of weeping and embracing, she told him how she had the brightest hopes for him, the best of friends to aid him in securing a good position; and a distant relative, an O'Kelly, who was in great favour at court, had promised to interest himself in his behalf! Macklin used to say in later life that so great was the joy of that unhopd-for forgiveness and blessed restoration that he often thought he could endure an age of pain once more to realise its transports.

But the great O'Kelly suddenly died, and the glowing prospects faded, and his loving and beloved mother was unfortunate in business, and Charles was glad to become "Badgeman" in Trinity College, a menial situation similar to that called at Oxford a "scout," which he retained until he was twenty-one years of age.

In the "Memoirs of Macready," a story is told of Macklin when he had attained to fame, and was performing in Dublin. Properly rebuking some riotous young collegians who were stopping the performance, the rest of the audience applauded; but one of the former, thinking to cover the great actor with confusion by a contemptuous public reference to his former low condition, called out in a tone of imperious command, "Boy." Macklin knew the familiar old cry at once, and how, in response to it, he had demanded the number of the summoning collegian's room. Stepping down to the footlights with manly firmness and true pride, he quietly repeated in the old way the old response, "What number?" and a roar of applause from the collegians, and an audience quick to see and feel the right thing when it turned up, told him that his manly dignity and the severity of his rebuke were appreciated and understood.

Captain O'Flannagan coming to Ireland for recruits to take service with him in Germany, calls upon his sister, is ashamed of the position his nephew, a descendant of kings, holds; proposes that he should go away with him; and promises to procure the fine young fellow a commission. He would make a splendid soldier! brave, strong, high-spirited, quick-witted, he would be sure to win promotion in the wars. Once more the M'Laughlins would be gentlemen. The proud mother was delighted.

Captain O'Flannagan went to London on his way to Germany, and stayed there some little time hunting up old friends to bid them adieu, making purchases, and so on. Charles hunted up some old friends too, his scaramouch friends in the Borough, and when the uncle was ready to depart the nephew could not be found. For three days the search was prosecuted in vain, and then came a grateful and respectful letter, wherein Charles declined to follow "the drum" to Germany on the ground that he had in the meantime been "better provided for" in England, —as he might have added, although he did not, at a place of infamous repute in Clerkenwell, Hockley-in-the-Hole, where he was exhibiting himself, with a strolling company of mummers, as an acrobat, pugilist, vocalist, and droll. Alas! for the descendant of kings, and the poor Irish mother's pride in her handsome, gentlemanly son!

Mrs. O'Meally was indefatigable in her efforts to discover what had become of Charles; went here, there, and everywhere

to find out, and got introductions to all kinds and degrees of people who were going into England, where they might see her darling boy. With feverish restlessness she would even accost perfect strangers, who were going on board vessels, and might be travelling to London. At last the grandfather of the famous Shakspearian scholar, Malone, was thus appealed to, and his heart being touched by the mother's woe and desperation, he determined on reaching London to search out this wild, graceless run-away, and induce him, if possible, to return to Dublin. It was an extremely troublesome task, but at last he traced him to the Cat and Bagpipes, commonly called "The Salutation," at Hockley-in-the-Hole. He appealed to his reason in vain, to his feelings with success. When Mr. Malone returned, Charles was with him, and soon after he was once more crying in response to the familiar cry of "Boy" the old,—"What number?" in Trinity College, Dublin.

At six-and-twenty Macklin grew unbearably dissatisfied with his ignoble calling, although he was a favourite with the collegians, and well treated by them. It was a constant reproach which he began to feel more and more keenly. The wild oats were sown, but as yet nothing had been done to further the great ambition of his life. Strong in mind and body, full of life and vigour, he resolved to plunge at once into the great battle of life and win laurels worthy the wearing of his father's son. His mother was afraid to part with him, wept, implored, but in vain. The young man parted from her resolute and sorrowful, anxious to atone for all the sorrow and anxiety he had caused her, but vowing, warrior-like, that he would return a conqueror or she should never see him again. She thought he was going to that dreaded hot-bed of vice and wickedness, London; in reality he went to Bristol, where he took lodgings "over a mean little tobacco-shop, next door but one to the theatre." As he probably had ascertained, some of the actors were also lodging in this house, strollers making a temporary stay in the town. He, of course, became acquainted with them, and soon made them friends. They introduced him to the manager, who discovered his ability, and gave him an engagement. So it came about that the posts of Bristol soon displayed rudely-printed little play-bills, announcing a forthcoming performance of Shakspeare's *Richard the Third*, in which a Mr. M'Laughlin would make "his first appearance on any stage," in the character of Richmond. On that occasion the audience discovered the novel fact that Henry VII. was an Irishman who, when Duke of Richmond, spoke with a strong marked brogue. But Bristol in that day was full of Irishmen, and hence perhaps the curious fact was overlooked; for, despite it, the first appearance was a success, and when the company left Bristol, Macklin went with them a recognised and important member of its little band.*

To be continued.

SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE closing performance of the season 1877-78 of the above club was held in the Drill Room, Sale, on Friday the 1st inst., when a large and fashionable assemblage met to enjoy the entertainment. The pieces selected were Benjamin Webster's *One Touch of Nature*, and Boucicault's *London Assurance*, both rather difficult and ambitious plays for amateurs to attempt, especially when the audience is one composed principally of those stern critics, Manchester men, and the scenery that of the poorest description; but on this occasion the audience quite understood that the object of the performers was merely to amuse their friends, and, shall we say, to gratify that leaven of vanity which we presume is the root of the cause why amateur actors ever incur all the trouble, heart-burnings, worry, and annoyances, which form the bitters to the sweets of the amateur stage.

The cast of *One Touch of Nature*, comprised the names of one or two gentlemen not unknown to the Manchester histrionic amateur world, but unfortunately the little drama was preceded by an overture "scraped" by the Altrincham Amateur Orchestral Society, of the most doleful and depressing description. However, the artistic and easy rendering by Mr. Arthur Poole of Mr. Beaumont Fletcher, Barrister and Dramatic Author, and the earnest and sometimes pathetic portrayal of poor William Penn Holder, a copyist, by Mr. A. T. Forrest, put both audience and actors in good humour, and at last effaced the memories of the "ordeal of catgut" they had recently gone through.

A tragedy by the band was next performed, the victim being a waltz, and the curtain ascended for the first act of *London Assurance*, about which we can only say that we were delightfully disappointed, as we feared that five acts, wretched scenery, and the recollection by the audience of the effective manner in which most of them had seen the play produced by metropolitan companies would be too long odds for amateurs to cope against, but good English comedy, even if moderately acted, is very dear to us all, and Sir Harcourt Courtley, the man of fashion, Max Harkaway, the jovial squire of the "good old English time," wily Dazzle, Mark Meddle, with an eye to costs, and Crim Con Cool, the imperturbable, all found able exponents in Messrs. H. Pagden, H. C. Lloyd, W. I. Towle, W. Rumsey, and I. M. Higgins; the temptation of burlesquing the henpecked Spanker was too great to be resisted by Mr. J. H. Atkinson, and Mr. R. Daniel hardly appeared to have given sufficient study to the difficult part of Charles Courtley.

We must not close our notice without a word of praise to Miss Alice Ingram, whom we are glad to welcome back to English boards, her Lady Gay was admirable. The description of the hunt and steeplechase was as perfectly given as even the most ardent votary of Nimrod could desire, and the curtain descended amidst the well-merited applause of the crowded audience. We congratulate the society, and Mr. R. Nadin, their able stage manager, upon their very successful performance.

A STUD BOOK ASSOCIATION FOR SHIRE-BRED HORSES.—After the reading of a paper on "The Breeding, Rearing, and Management of Cart Horses," by Mr. F. Street, at the Farmers' Club on Monday evening, a meeting was formed in order to discuss a proposal for establishing a stud-book for shire-bred horses. A resolution in favour of the proposal was passed, and a committee was appointed, with power to add to their number. It was also resolved to request the Earl of Ellesmere to become president of the association, and Mr. F. Street, of Somersham Park, St. Ives, consented to act as honorary secretary *pro tem*. The meeting then adjourned, with the announcement that the committee will meet again at the Farmers' Club on Monday, April 1, at one o'clock.

A YOUNG cavalry officer stationed in Poona has just accomplished a most extraordinary feat by walking 45 miles in 12 hours and three-quarters on the Nuggur road. He walked the 42nd, 43rd, and 44th miles in 39 minutes.

THE ancient custom of playing football matches annually on Shrove Tuesday at Epsom, Kingston, Hampton, and many other towns was this year prohibited.

* It is only fair to state that in the above I have introduced parts of an article which I wrote, a year or more ago, for the *Builder*, as one of a series called "Old Houses and Their Stories."—A. H. W.

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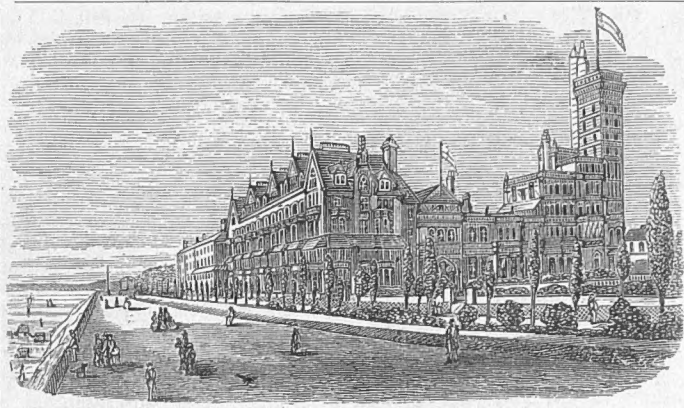
Charing Cross	-	dep.	-	3.45 p.m.
Cannon Street	-	"	-	3.55 "
Ramsgate	-	arr.	-	5.40 "

RETURNING EVERY MONDAY.

Ramsgate	-	dep.	-	8.40 a.m.
Cannon Street	-	arr.	-	10.40 "
Charing Cross	-	"	-	10.50 "

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A SOUTHERN ASPECT, BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.
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Victoria	-	dep.	-	3.15 p.m.
Ludgate Hill	-	"	-	3.10 "
Holborn Viaduct	-	"	-	3.12 "
Ramsgate	-	arr.	-	5.15 "

RETURNING EVERY MONDAY.

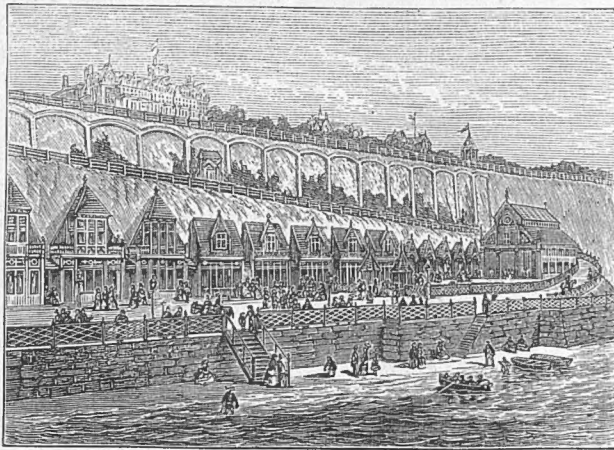
Ramsgate	-	dep.	-	10.0 a.m.
Holborn Viaduct	-	arr.	-	12.2 p.m.
Ludgate Hill	-	"	-	12.5 "
Victoria	-	"	-	12.0 noon.

The Morning Post says:—"Nowhere in England can a series of Baths such as that at the 'Granville' be seen."
The Globe says:—"As a residential hotel during winter, the 'Granville' is second to none."
The Saturday Review says:—"The scenery, the air, the accommodation for visitors were described as of the most perfect kind; and we could not help wondering how it was that this place, which had been in existence in a quiet way for several years, had suddenly, like Byron gone to bed and awoke famous."
The HOTEL is superbly appointed, and has been especially provided with every Home Comfort and convenience necessary to a WINTER RESORT.

THE GRANVILLE MARINA (ST. LAWRENCE-ON-SEA.)

THE Granville Marina having now been completed, there are a few Shops to Let; and the road from the Granville to the town past the Marina being now thrown open for traffic, causes it to be the most frequented Promenade for Visitors, and to offer unusual facilities for good tradesmen.

The before-mentioned road also leads to the MOUNT ALBION ESTATE, a FIRST-CLASS FREEHOLD BUILDING ESTATE, admirably laid out on high ground, commanding beautiful marine views towards the South, with



THE GRANVILLE MARINA (ST. LAWRENCE-ON-SEA.)

sites immediately available for building purposes, with the additional attractions of the Victoria Gardens immediately adjacent.

For particulars apply to
Messrs. FRIEND, VINTEN, and Co., High Street, Ramsgate; or to Mr. H. ROGERS, Estate Office, Westgate-on-Sea, Isle of Thanet; or to
Messrs. ROGERS and CHAPMAN, at their Estate Offices, 78, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, London

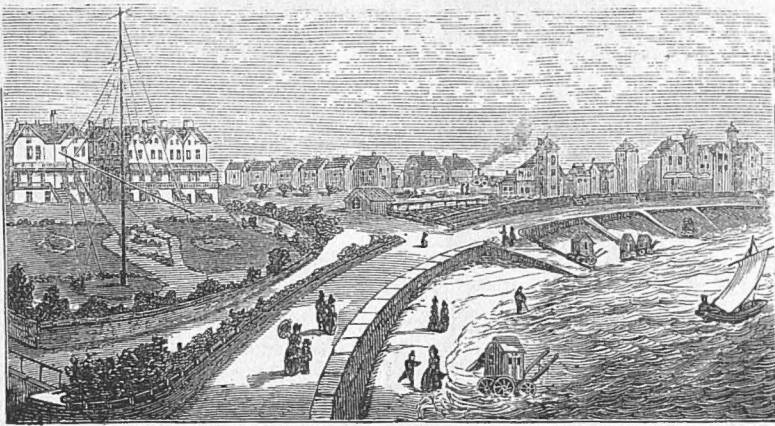
WESTGATE-ON-SEA

Messrs. ROGERS AND CHAPMAN

are in position to treat for the SALE OR LETTING OF PLOTS OF LAND at this healthy and select Sea-side Resort. The SITES are peculiarly suitable for the building of MARINE VILLAS, and command fine SEA VIEWS.

The Roads are admirably laid out, and afford magnificent MARINE DRIVES.

Westgate-on-Sea is considered by the medical profession to be one of the most healthy places on the Coast of England, and the BEACH HOUSE HOTEL



WESTGATE-ON-SEA

—a most comfortable and well-appointed hostelry—offers all the comforts of a first-class abode to the numerous visitors either in summer or in winter.

There is a Railway Station on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway in the heart of the Estate, at which the Express Trains stop daily.

THE BATHING IS MOST EXCELLENT.

For further particulars apply to—
Mr. H. ROGERS, Estate Agent, Westgate-on-Sea, Isle of Thanet; or to
Messrs. ROGERS & CHAPMAN, at their Estate Office, 78, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, London.

TIME TABLE.—London, Chatham and Dover Railway, London and Westgate-on-Sea.

Down.	WEEK DAYS.												SUNDAYS.				Up.	WEEK DAYS.												SUNDAYS.			
	WEEK DAYS.						SUNDAYS.				WEEK DAYS.							SUNDAYS.															
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.										
Victoria.....	6 35	7 40	8 55	10 10	12 40	2 5	5 10	6 25	7 40	8 55	10 10	12 40	2 5	8 10	10 15	12 20	2 25	4 30	6 35	8 40	10 45	12 50	3 00	5 05									
Holborn Viaduct	6 39	7 45	8 59	10 15	12 37	2 9	5 14	6 29	7 44	8 59	10 15	12 37	2 9	8 14	10 19	12 24	2 29	4 34	6 39	8 44	10 49	12 54	3 04	5 09									
Ludgate Hill	6 32	7 38	8 52	10 7	12 40	2 4	5 13	6 28	7 43	8 57	10 12	12 35	2 4	8 13	10 18	12 23	2 28	4 33	6 38	8 43	10 48	12 53	3 03	5 08									
Westgate-on-Sea	10 15	10 15	12 40	12 40	3 5	5 4	4 57	6 33	9 24	12 9	3 4	5 10	8 10	10 15	12 20	2 25	4 30	6 35	8 40	10 45	12 50	3 00	5 05	7 10									

* This is a Special Saturday Express Train, accomplishing the journey to Westgate in 1h. 42m., returning on Monday morning. Return tickets at Special Cheap Fares from London on Saturdays, and returning on Mondays. Fares—First Class, 16s.; Second, 12s.; Third, 8s. All trains First, Second, and Third Class except 7.40 from Victoria, which is First and Second Class only.

JOHN MORTLOCK & Co.,

The Old Pottery Galleries,

202, 203, and 204, OXFORD STREET; 30, 31 and 32, ORCHARD STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Principal London Depot for MINTON'S CHINA.

15 per cent. allowed on all Cash payments.

The BLUE and WHITE ROOM is a GREAT ATTRACTION. These DEEP BLUE SERVICES are unequalled; they are fashionable, and above all, inexpensive. All Letters, Orders, and Parcels should be addressed Oxford Street and Orchard Street, London, W.

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HOLBORN VIADUCT HOTEL, Holborn Viaduct, London. NOW OPEN. For Families and Gentlemen. NOW OPEN.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM OF
J. C. CORDING and CO.
WATERPROOFERS,
(ESTABLISHED 1839),
HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND
TEMPLE BAR,
To 19, Piccadilly, corner of Air-street,
THEY HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY
OTHER HOUSE.
ORIGINAL MAKERS OF THE
**VENTILATED COATS,
THE IDSTONE BOOTS**
(Registered), and other specialties.
From Field, Jan. 30:—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been so long before the public to fail in that respect."
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**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.**
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World

**HINTON'S
ROYAL SPA HOTEL,**
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The most sheltered position for a Winter Residence on the island. Table d'Hote (separate tables) at seven o'clock. Ladies' Drawing Room. Boarding Terms. Tariff on application.

FINDLATER'S WHISKIES

"BEST OLD IRISH"
AND
"BEST ISLAY MALT,"
20s. per Gallon; 40s. per Dozen,
Are the produce of the old-fashioned POT STILL, softened and mellowed by age only.
33, WELLINGTON STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
20, SLOANE STREET, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY. THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.

Pure, mild, mellow, delicious and most wholesome. Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The Whisky is soft, mellow and pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, W.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN.

W. HILL & SONS, WHOLE MEAL HUNTING NUTS, PORTABLE, PALATABLE, POPULAR.

The best biscuit or sportsmen yet introduced. Sample Box forwarded on receipt of stamps, 2s. 2d.

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MARIMON**, a new and perfectly innocuous white, particularly suitable for the stage or ball-room. Madlle. Marimon writes, "It produces a marvellous effect, and it has moreover the advantage of adhering to the skin during a whole performance. I find it besides cooling and softening." Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. (Cannot be sent by post.)
RIMMEL'S HEBE BLOOM, a splendid and harmless rouge, 1s. per packet.
RIMMEL'S KOHL for darkening the eyelids, 5s.
RIMMEL'S VELVETINE, a refined, adherent, imperceptible Toilet Powder, 1s. 6d., with puff 2s. 6d.
96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; and 24, Cornhill, London. 76, King's-road, Brighton.

—In return for a ten-pound note, free and safe per post one of
**BENNETT'S
LADY'S GOLD WATCHES,**
perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.
65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

Gold CHAINS at Manufacturers' prices. P.O.O. John Bennett,
BENNETT, 65 AND 64, CHEAPSIDE.



"IN THE TWILIGHT."